The Saturday Review of Literature

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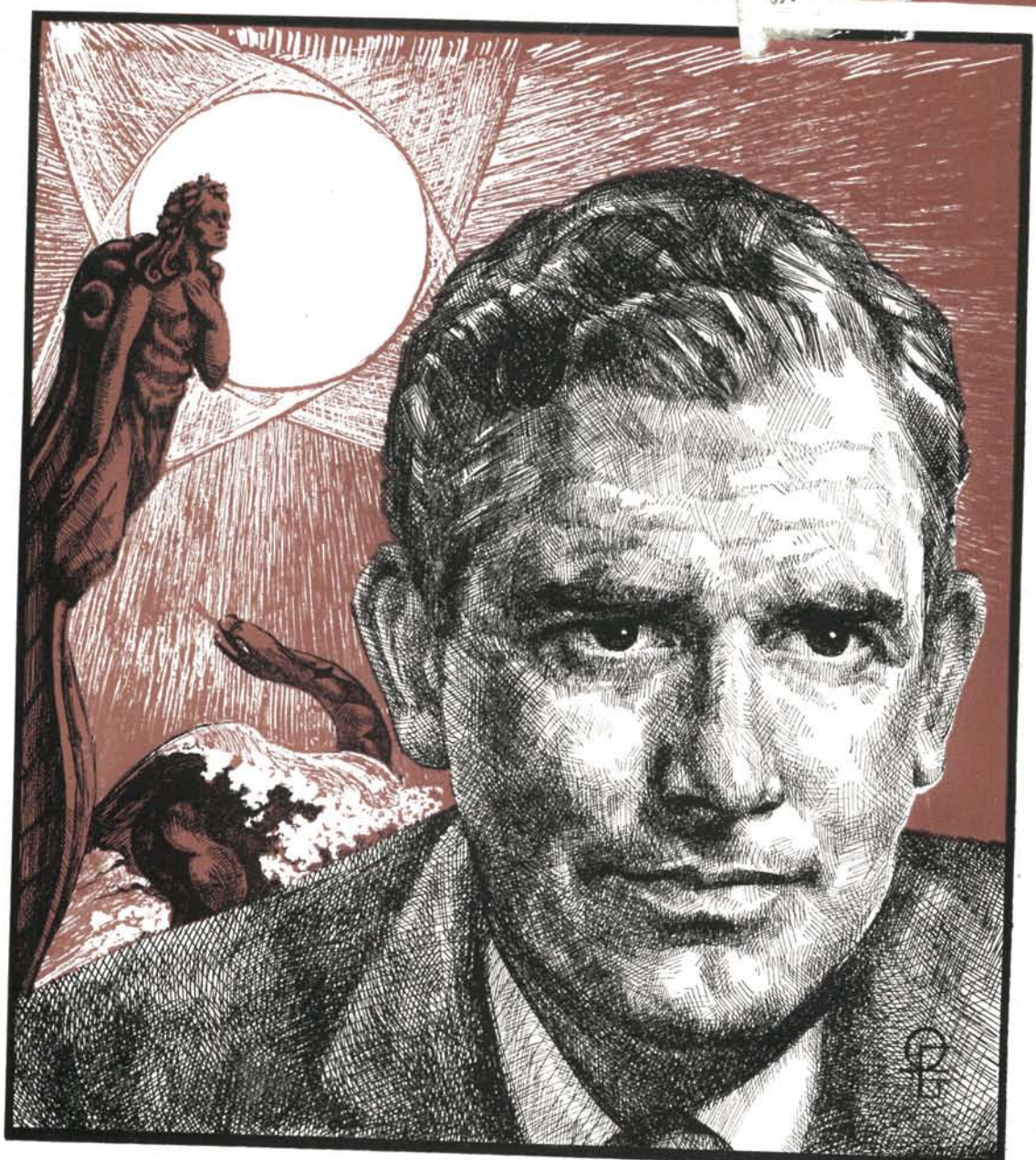

Philip Wylie, author of "An Essay on Morals." (See page 11)

Are We Men Or Are We Lemmings?

By LOVELL THOMPSON

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This Week

March 1, 1947

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Article

PAGE

ARE WE MEN OR ARE WE LEMMINGS?
By Lovell Thompson..... 9

Reviews

AN ESSAY ON MORALS
By Philip Wylie
Reviewed by Henry Morton Robinson.11

THE REDISCOVERY OF MORALS
By Henry C. Link

RELIGION IN PUBLIC EDUCATION
By V. T. Thayer
Reviewed by Guy Emery Shipler....12

DIVIDED INDIA
By Robert Aura Smith
Reviewed by Louis Fischer.....13

GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT
By Laura Z. Hobson
Reviewed by Struthers Burt.....14

THE MOUNTAIN LION
By Jean Stafford
Reviewed by Catherine Meredith Brown 15

DEEP FOREST
By Norman E. Nygaard
Reviewed by Nathan L. Rothman....15

SECRET MISSIONS: The Story of an Intelligence Officer
By Capt. Ellis M. Zacharias, U.S.N.
Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly..16

BEHIND SOVIET POWER
By Jerome Davis
Reviewed by Richard E. Lauterbach..17

STRANGE SEED
By Kenneth L. Patton

FIGURE AND LANDSCAPE
By Emma Sahler Dakin

ASIATIC STATION
By Cloyd Mann Criswell
Reviewed by Starr Nelson.....28

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

LITERARY I.Q.....10

STRICTY PERSONAL
By Irwin Edman.....18

EDITORIAL 20

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....21

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....22

LITERARY CRYPT.....24

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....26

NEW EDITIONS
By Ben Ray Redman.....27

THE FINE ARTS
By James Thrall Soby.....29

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....31

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....32

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 675.....35

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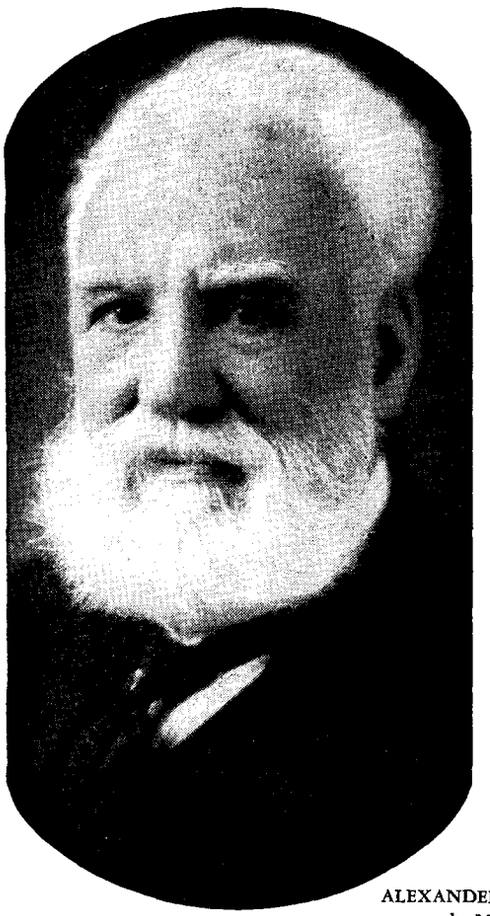

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL
by Moffett, 1918

He gave the world a new voice

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TRADE Winds

HERE COMES McBRIDE

ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES before one o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, every week day, a bevy of eager-eyed, chattering ladies troop into Studio 3E of the National Broadcasting Corporation to watch their radio idol, Mary Margaret McBride, go through her paces. They are but the visible fragment of a devoted and attentive audience of six million housewives who take Mary Margaret's words for gospel and rush out to buy the products that she endorses so casually but effectively.

At ten minutes before broadcasting time, Vincent Connolly, Princeton '33, who introduces Mary Margaret, and struggles valiantly to keep her on the beam, takes his place, followed, usually, by the guest star of the day, clutching his or her notes nervously, and ignored politely by the audience who want nobody but Mary Margaret. In the nick of time she appears, unhurried, serene, her whole attitude implying clearly, "Goodness, have all you people turned out just to hear little old me?" The ladies settle back in their seats with delighted sighs. The guest of the day relaxes instinctively. Mary Margaret fusses with a sheaf of notes. The gong sounds and she begins. And very soon the reason for her tremendous success becomes apparent. Miss McBride really knows about the person she is interviewing —and about the work that has made that person worth having on the program. The products of the sponsors creep unobtrusively into the conversation. Mary Margaret's thoughts, it develops, are about as scattered as a Times Square crowd on New Year's Eve, her approach as vague as a pay-off punch by Joe Louis.

Mary Margaret McBride was born in 1899 in Paris, Missouri, about halfway between Hannibal and Fulton, where she was sent to school. The first day she was punished for putting her fingers in her mouth. Years later, on the same spot, Winston Churchill was destined to encounter similar trouble—but he used his feet. The schoolhouse had been endowed by Mary Margaret's great-aunt, who told her that the post of "lady principal" was waiting for her some fine day. Mary Margaret, however, had different ambitions, and when her horrified aunt heard that they included writing, she not only withdrew all financial support but hid the family silver. Mary Margaret enrolled at the University of Missouri, financed herself happily by writing a chatter column for a local daily at ten dollars a week. Three days after she got her diploma in 1919, and headed for Washington, the daily suspended publication. Possibly this was a coincidence.

In Washington, she landed a job in the United States Senate, quit when Missouri Senator Reid said her middy blouses were "too undignified." "Dignity," says Mary Margaret, "is something you are born with or without. Too many people confuse dignity with pomposity and pretense." Her college chum Pauline Pfeiffer (later the second Mrs. Ernest Hemingway) helped her secure a place on the staff of the *Cleveland Press*. Her first big assignment was to cover a local religious convention. The meeting ended in a near-riot when the delegates disagreed on a labor platform. Mary Margaret left this out of her story. "What on earth was the matter with you?" railed her editor the next day. "Were you drunk?" "I was not," said Mary Margaret indignantly. "I just didn't think labor questions belonged in a religious story. But I was cold sober." "Maybe it would have been better if you'd been drunk," grumbled the unfeeling editor. The publicity director of the convention, however, looked with greater favor upon her reportorial restraint, and whisked her off to New York as his assistant. The name of this perspicacious gentleman was Tyler Dennett, who later became the president of Williams College.

Mary Margaret found herself at a desk next to Estella Karn, destined to be her lifelong friend and devoted personal manager. But she longed to get back to newspaper work, and when the *New York Mail* advertised for a crack reporter at the then princely stipend of $40 a week, Mary Margaret was first in line.

The editor and owner of the *Mail*, Henry Luther Stoddard, interviewed her himself. "Where are you from?" he asked. "Paris," she answered. "Paris, eh?" said Stoddard, visibly impressed. "You don't look French." "I mean Paris, Missouri," explained Mary Margaret. "Where in God's name is that?" he grumbled. "Ever cover a big fire?" "Just give me the chance," she begged. Three days later there was a whopping, three-alarm blaze in the Bronx, and the story on the front page of the *Mail*, pulling out all the stops, was by-lined by Mary Margaret McBride. "It was the big thrill of my life," she says today. "I felt that I had arrived."

Prodded by Estella Karn, Mary Margaret now began to write feature articles for the magazines. Her four-part story about, and in collaboration with, Paul Whiteman, called "Jazz," appeared first in *The Saturday Evening Post*, and then was published in book form by Sears. Her standard price for articles rose to one thousand dollars, then two. She wrote four travel books; one (with Helen Josephy), "Paris Is a Woman's Town," was a thumping best seller. She began dabbling successfully in the stock market. And then, suddenly, came the 1929 crash, which wiped out her savings, and the ensuing depression, which crippled the market for her writings. Mary Margaret found herself back where she started —plus a lot of expensive habits she

—*Cosmo-Sileo Associates.*

"Mary Margaret McBride's thoughts . . . are about as scattered as a Times Square crowd on New Year's Eve, her approach as vague as a pay-off punch by Joe Louis."

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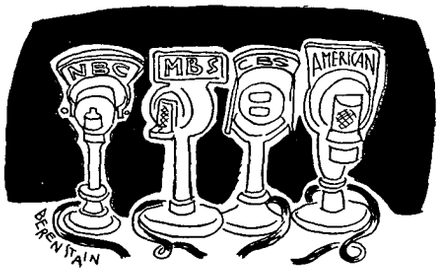
had picked up en route. At the nadir of her fortunes, on a cold, dismal day in that cold, dismal winter of 1933-4, a chance knock on her door by Opportunity changed everything. Opportunity in this instance bore the attractive guise of Carol Hill. Radio station WOR, she explained, was looking for a woman's program. Would Mary Margaret like to audition for it? She would and did—and got the job. She explains modestly, "I was the only one of fifty applicants who made no salary demands. I meant to but I just forgot. I think that's why they gave me the nod."

The very first McBride broadcasts established the pattern that ultimately made her a national celebrity—a friendly, homey, casual discussion of anything that seemed to enter her head. She called herself "Martha Deane" in the beginning, and established the name so securely that WOR retained it when she moved to another chain and still continues to use it to this day. Sponsors, reluctant at first, were soon tumbling over one another's heels to sign on the dotted line. Today, on NBC, she has thirteen, with a long waiting list champing at the bit. As soon as it became apparent that her program was definitely "big time," she persuaded Estella Karn to abandon everything else and become her personal manager. It was Estella who introduced the notion of occasional guest-stars—now a basic feature of her programs. It was Estella, too, who helped keep her always three jumps ahead of the shrill imitators who popped up inevitably on other networks. A guest of Mary Margaret McBride does not appear on these other programs if he knows what's good for him. Her rivals gnash their teeth—a particularly unpleasant sound over the radio—but Mary Margaret has never forgotten that after she helped one imitator get a job, the lady showed her gratitude by publicly deriding the pulling power of the McBride program. The moral seems to be that if you must compete with a Mary Margaret McBride, you are better off restricting your diet to the products you recommend than biting the hand that fed you.

THREE-quarters of an hour a day, five times a week, over Station WNBC, is quite a formidable assignment but Mary Margaret thrives on it. "I seem to have that 45-minute tempo," she explains. Roughly two-thirds of the time is devoted to the visiting fireman, the rest to a seemingly haphazard celebration of the virtues of the sponsors. "Did I forget anyone today?" Mary Margaret will ask. "Well," the imperturbable and irreplaceable Vincent will answer, "you



forgot to tell about the special sale of Baldwin apples at all the Bohack stores this week." An hour later there isn't an apple left in a Bohack branch. Often the guest stars become so enthused by the McBride endorsements that they sail right into the commercials with her. One day, for instance, I found myself emoting over Bruce floor wax, although until ten minutes before I had been firmly convinced that all wax came from bees.

The list of McBride guests includes authors, actors, politicians, Swiss bell ringers, screwball inventors, trapeze artists, hog callers, and flagpole sitters. Since the products she boosts range from shoe polish to noodle soups, and dog biscuits to grated cocoanut, the net effect of any broadcast, obviously, would be sheer pandemonium without the soothing touch of a master-mind to make it jell. For my money, Mary Margaret is the greatest impresario radio ever has developed. Her fans accept her recipes and suggestions as gospel. Her native state of Missouri has designated November 22 as "Mary Margaret McBride Day," with appropriate annual ceremonies led by the Governor. A satisfied sponsor told a reporter from *Tide*, "There isn't another program in America that can accomplish such phenomenal results." One devoted fan named a rose after her; nobody was surprised when it won the grand prize the first time it was exhibited. General Omar Bradley chose her program in preference to a score of others for his first interview after his triumphal return from Europe. "Maybe my wife will appreciate me at last," he said happily. Her assistant, Janice Devine, assured me of the truth of the legend that a Hollywood star listened breathlessly to a McBride endorsement of Sweetheart Soap, then rushed out to wash her face for the first time in fifteen years.

Mary Margaret's apartment facing Central Park is forever littered with gifts from her fans. Too often they consist of good things to eat. Her weight is high and her resistance is low. Her mother accompanied her one evening to a Broadway night club, and viewing the scantily clad coryphees with some surprise, remarked, "I'm sorry for those poor girls. I hope they don't take cold. It's a good thing my little girl doesn't have to make her

"From where I sit"

"I AM lost in admiration of your sureness of judgment, incredible erudition, and ability to formulate fundamental criticisms in a few lines or even words." Who said that? Clifton Fadiman said that, said it about a certain book.

"I depend heavily on your book." "Warmest congratulations." "It lives up to our expectations in every way." "A special word of commendation seems due." "Besides reading it from cover to cover at least twice, I have had occasion to refer to it many times—and always with profit!" "Your book is a life-saver. Thanks a million for a grand job." "Since I got it, there is hardly a day in which I have not referred to it."

And on and on and on. We have lifted excerpts from letters raving about this book and let me assure you that there are many other letters which say exactly the same things in different words. Next to letters from bobby-soxers who want a lock of the hair of Frank Sinatra, these are the gooiest letters I have come across in a long time.

Now, you ask me, what is this book? Is it some new religion or large economy-size panacea? Is it a book on how you can be active at 130? Does it tell you how to tear off the top of your mother-in-law and receive a pocket-sized crematorium absolutely free of charge? Can you too get into pitchers?

Believe it or not, the book does none of these things. It doesn't scream at you, it doesn't preach, and it won't raise your standard of living beyond the prices we are now submitting to. It doesn't even tell a man where he can get a shirt that isn't polo. Several months ago, before this book was published, I received so many letters and so many calls asking about the previous edition of this book (it came out in 1941) that I thought I was going to have to go on one of those vacations they have me going on whenever this column doesn't appear. A letter from New Zealand asked if the author would ever bring out a new edition. He has—it is **The New Guide to Recorded Music.** Author's name—KOLODIN.

paul

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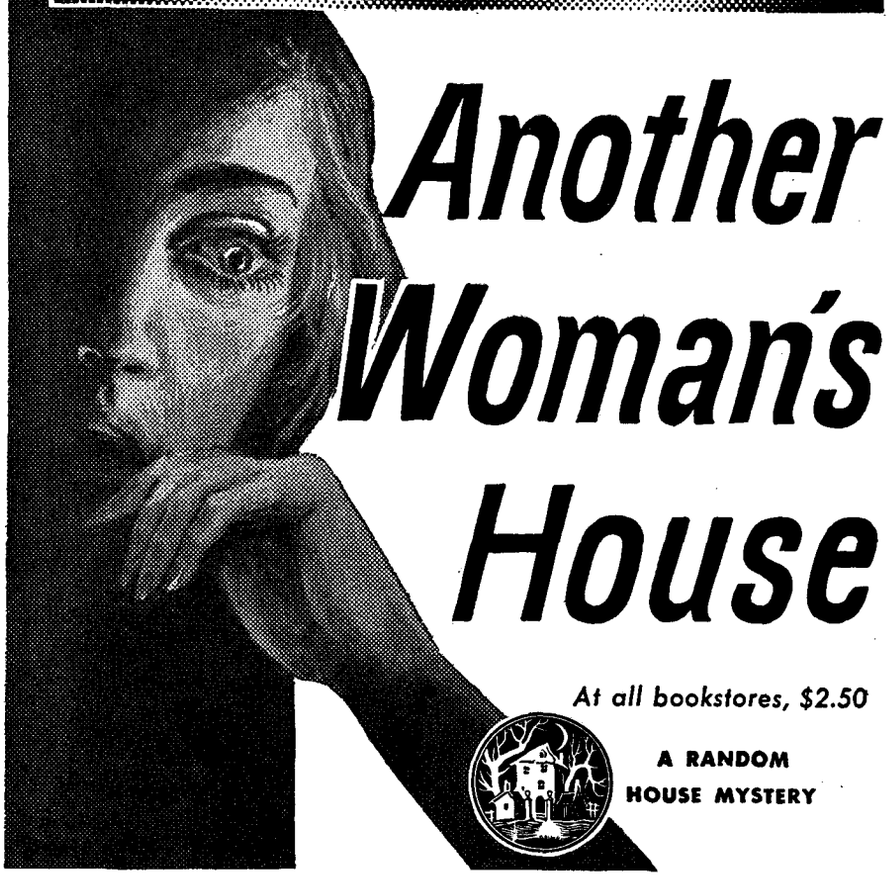

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A RANDOM HOUSE MYSTERY

living that way." Mary Margaret thought so too.

She frankly prefers authors as her guest stars—and what a job she does with them! Janice Devine has extracted painlessly from them all the details of their lives a day or two before the broadcast; Mary Margaret adds a note of honest appreciation. The authors are so at ease they frequently forget they're broadcasting. One day Jesse Stuart told her several wonderful, racy stories about his grandpaw in the Kentucky hills, then drawled, "We goin' on the air soon?" When he heard they actually had been on an open microphone for thirty-five minutes, he took a deep, audible breath and exclaimed, "Hell, ma'am, I never would have talked like that about old Grandpaw. I was so comfortable, I thought we were rehearsin'!" An all-out McBride recommendation is reflected immediately in the sale of a novel or autobiography. The book business hasn't had so potent a booster in radio since the death of Alexander Woollcott.

For Mary Margaret's tenth anniversary on the air, NBC executives decided upon a public reception. So many admirers clamored for tickets, it had to be transferred to Madison Square Garden. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt flew up from Washington to be the star guest. "How fitting!" exulted the delirious press department of NBC. "The First Lady of the Land pays tribute to Lady Number One of the Radio."

As a matter of fact, it was the same Mrs. F. D. R. who once was the innocent cause of Mary Margaret's only failure to be at the mike on time. The two were to discuss Mrs. Roosevelt's "If You Ask Me," and Mary Margaret went down to Washington Square to escort her distinguished guest to the studio in person. Their taxicab, unfortunately, was caught in a traffic jam, and at one minute to one, they were still four blocks from the studio. "Let's get out and run for it," proposed Mrs. F. D. R. For once Mary Margaret was not quite equal to the occasion. "I don't think we could make it," she sighed—thereby depriving Fifth Avenue strollers of what certainly would have been one of the great sights of the century.

Vincent Connolly carried on until the two ladies puffed into their places. "Getting around town these days is a caution," Mary Margaret declared, and six million anxious listeners settled back in relief that nothing more serious had befallen her. "You know what we really need, Vincent?" she continued in her girlish, dreamer-like fashion. "It's a pitcher of that delicious, economical, iced Ehler's Tea!"

BENNETT CERF.

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Anywhere

A riot on the village green at Chipping Up! *"It might lead anywhere,"* thought Bobby Owen, as he rushed to the scene. It actually leads into one of E. R. Punshon's best detective stories, with suspects ranging from a religious fanatic to an Australian flyer. Detailed, intensive detection and a good British background.

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HOLDFAST GAINES

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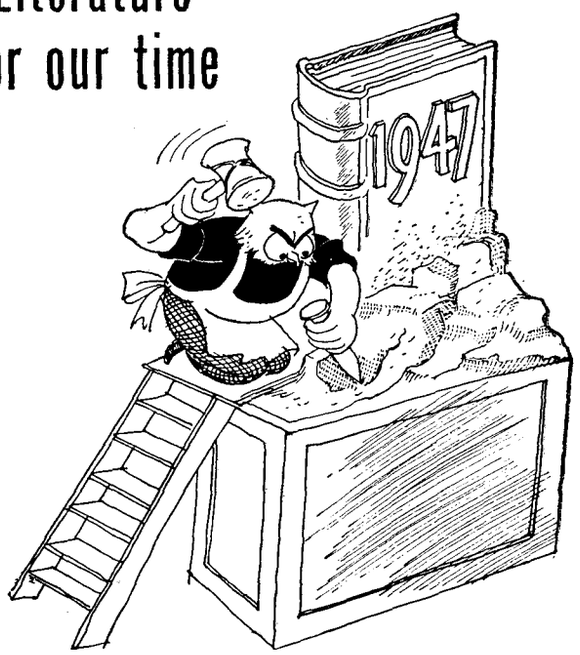
Literature for our time



LITERATURE FOR OUR TIME is made in the soft, desperate pastels of a thousand cities and towns. It is made in the dignity and sweep of a grain elevator standing by a lake; in the clash of the gears of busses in a great city; in the small things that people have to say to each other in bars and churches and the lobbies of hotels. Literature for our time is made by the Walter Mittys who bravely face a firing squad as their wives go into the corner drugstore for a minute; and by a balloon man's whistle. It comes from the pages of slick magazines and from the presses of established houses, and from the mouths of folk singers—a heritage for us who must learn to control the atomic age, or perish.

We have just published a book for college students called LITERATURE FOR OUR TIME which, more than any anthology we know of, faces up to life and letters in a way that is sensitive, realistic, and inclusive. Compiled by three members of the Department of English of Syracuse University, Leonard Brown, Harlow Waite, and Benjamin Atkinson, the plan of the book is concerned with the relation of literature to "the chief problem of our time—the consequences to human society of the release of atomic energy."

Editors Brown, Waite, and Atkinson have made this collection of the writings of other men into a vital contribution of their own through their expert selection of material. The book opens with the story of the atomic bomb, told through pictures and reports; includes a selection from Whitman's LEAVES OF GRASS:

> Years of the modern! years of the unperform'd!
> Your horizon rises, I see it parting away
> for more august dramas,
> I see not America only, not only Liberty's nation
> but other nations preparing,
> I see tremendous entrances and exits, new combinations,
> the solidarity of races,
> I see that force advancing with irresistible power
> on the world's stage . . .

Parts Two and Three present man in his machine world, the technological world which he has created and now is trying to control. Here, along with selections from John Dos Passos, Walter Lippmann and many others, is the incredibly macabre humor of the Charles Addams cartoon showing robots making robots, and a small scientific foreman wondering "Sometimes I ask myself, 'Where will it ever end?'"

Since we all are forced by this and similar questions to re-examine our relationships with other people, Parts Four and Five go on to deal with these relationships as they appear in political, economic, and racial conflicts between the conservative and liberal points of view. Here, among many other selections, is "The Touchin' Case of Mr. and Mrs. Massa", a kind of poem-prose job which first appeared in *The New Yorker* and is one of the most deft and biting of commentaries on that old myth of white supremacy.

In Part Six, the book starts focusing down to the individual and concerns itself, specifically, with the growth of a writer in our time. Other problems of the individual are handled in the next chapter and, to some extent, in a chapter called *Twentieth-Century Blues*. Our particular twentieth-century American brand of weltschmerz is here in the lyrics of Duke Ellington's *Sophisticated Lady* (echo Mr. and Mrs. Massa!) and in *The Lovesong of J. Alfred Prufrock* and in the *Professor Sea Gull* selection from McSORLEY'S WONDERFUL SALOON. It's in Archibald MacLeish's *Fall of the City* and in the final dream reality of Michael Lenson's famous study for a painting, *Bikini*, which shows a terrible and tortured head in the mushroom shape of the bomb's explosion under water.

With Parts Nine and Ten, editors Brown, Waite, and Atkinson are ready to state *Credos for Today* and *Manifestoes for Tomorrow*. They do it with Sandburg and Spender and Matthew Arnold; with Morris Cohen and with the ringing prose of Thomas Wolfe's *Credo*. As much as any man of our time, Wolfe found its literature in the sounds and sights and smells of a thousand cities and towns, and he said:

> I believe that we are lost here in America, but I believe we shall be found. And this belief, which mounts now to the catharsis of knowledge and conviction, is for me—and I think for all of us—not only our own hope, but America's everlasting, living dream. I think the life which we have fashioned in America, and which has fashioned us—the forms we made, the cells that grew, the honeycomb that was created—was self-destructive in its nature, and must be destroyed. I think these forms are dying, and must die, just as I know that America and the people in it are deathless, undiscovered, and immortal, and must live.

Literature For Our Time

Edited by
LEONARD S. BROWN,
HARLOW O. WAITE, and
BENJAMIN P. ATKINSON
$3.85

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

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The Saturday Review of Literature

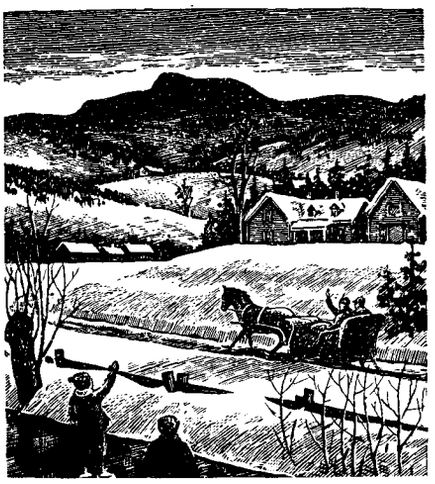
Are We Men Or Are We Lemmings?

LOVELL THOMPSON

THE world of the book publisher is suffering from all the ills that are endemic in free enterprise when it has reached a high degree of integration; larger and larger groups, better and better organized, are disagreeing more and more stubbornly with one another. Each group wants nothing more than a little too much. None of the groups understands that what all will get is a little less than before and that we are all going to give the Chinese coolie the price of Mr. Wallace's quart of milk whether as milk, moonshine, or as lead and its cousin elements.

The fourth estate has led American thought pretty handsomely through the ever-growing conflict. Can we not now be the first truly to understand our condition and just for once lead by example as well as by precept? Why is it that this year, with our irrelevant banners flying, we march like lemmings toward the sea? Might not we be the first to comprehend the force that propels the lemmings and ourselves, and harness this force of nature as we have harnessed others?

We in the book world are fighting in a strategic angle of the fourth estate. In order to measure the contest we must understand the nature of the terrain. The distinguishing factor that underlies original book publishing is that it presents not a masthead, not a marionette, but a title and an author. This is because the publisher's initial investment is comparatively small, because he appeals to an individual audience for every book, because he provides advertising and does not accept it; because his product is for use at any time in any place, in silence and according to mood and convenience; because he asks of each title a comparatively small success in money terms; because he does not attempt to present day-to-day news but relies on situations which exist for months or centuries and which allow time for many experiments in the promotion for each book. Because of these things the book, and the American book particularly, represents the freest free



press there is and the freest, most open and intellectual experiment.

That is what has made of the book industry a laboratory of public taste —a laboratory used and paid for by the movie, the reprinter, the digester, and in less degree by the radio and even by the magazines. That is why the names of the books and writers have become important symbols—to describe the mood and opinion of the public.

During the year, the chief divisions of the book industry have become increasingly active. The labor unions, the Book Manufacturers' Institute, the Authors' League, the newly organized Book Publishers' Council, and the American Booksellers' Association have all had a vocal year. And various individuals within the trade have shown a tendency to strike attitudes.

Labor wants a bigger slice, and labor is going to get it. It would not be hard for labor to tie up the book industry. It is getting easy for anyone to tie up any industry. The book manufacturer wants more dough too; he wants it largely for labor, which wants it for the milkman and the vacuum-cleaner salesman, who may possibly want it for books. Then if the book manufacturer can just get the golden goose to go on laying after he has eaten it, everything will be all right.

The problem of the writer is not so simple. The writer wants his rights. He wants them because they are his. He wants them because they will keep him from working on his next book and because he doesn't want to pay a commission on their sales. He wants them because he sort of hates to be treated to lunch by his publisher with the money his book earned. He'd rather have the money and take someone else to lunch. There is outrage in the voice of organized literature.

"Oh Lord," says the publisher, tucking his napkin under his chin, "assign me the copyright. I'll let the cash and credit go—credit, anyway, and fifty per cent of the cash." The author's agent has yet a grimmer side of the pentagon. He must be parent and valet to the author, and recording angel for the publisher, and even though the agent made his own bed we cannot but admire the artless dignity which makes him think he has to sleep in it. As for the bookseller, he has thus far asked for remarkably little, and at the worst has got what he asked for.

THE world is tired by the war, tired by the ever-rising pitch of its commercial progress. One of the symptoms of nervous weariness is a tendency to avoid responsibility by transferring one's effort from the field in which one is equipped for direct action, to a field where only suggestive criticism can be expected. In the author-agent-publisher relationship, an invisible exhaustion has created an unpromising tendency toward this fatal transferral.

What is a fatal malady in book-publishing? It is when a book costs more than a theatre ticket and more than a day's food; a time when we have all sold out to the pot-boiler, and the new idea takes root in other soil; a time when sales for the same plot published year by year under a new title, dwindle; a time when the reprinter can buy his own pot-boilers, and the regurgitators cease to regard the book as worth digesting. When this time comes, advertising appropriation will

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dwindle and weekly review sheets will grow meager and become single columns first, and then single columns monthly. If the members of the fourth estate should seek exclusively, mutually exclusive ends; if the pressman dreams of an eight-hour week, if the publisher writes his memoirs, and the author digests himself, and the agent takes to typography, then the corner bookseller will have to put in a soda fountain and become a wiseacre. Then book publishing will be the playground of the angel, the faddist, and the special cause. Yet, if we can look at the habit of our growth with a dispassionate eye, we may easily guide its form, and the bookstore may become a forum for wisdom unsuccored by the banana split.

What all men seek is comfort and authority, and in a world where communication can be universal and instantaneous and where all are reduced to a race between the integration of mind and the disintegration of matter, there is much authority for those who sweat words and for those who cull that dew. There is also, on the average, a sufficiency of comfort, and there is no necessity for the heart to go on strike against the lungs.

There could be an orderly way of dividing up the work, the responsibility, the glory, and the swag. Responsibility and action need to be set close to one another. Yet no plan for doing this can now be set down on paper. There is no way to determine now whether or not a man should be paid more for writing a book than for printing it or for publishing it. That is a problem to be settled by open minds and open books and by continuing practice. However, suggestions toward a greater justice, greater understanding, and a charming practice can be profitably reduced to our own good medium—ink and paper.

Is the writer unduly exploited? There is a partial answer in the fact that the successful author is apt to make more money than the successful original publisher, but there is no need for the general public to shed tears over either. There have been no great fortunes made in original book publishing. The bigger money has lain in the book club, reprint field. On the other hand, among talented and as yet not established writers, and among young and equally talented employees throughout the trade, there is hardship. The trade is not dough-heavy; and no one is skinning anyone, though the most successful, as always, can afford to take a cut. It looks as if the printer were about ready to take care of the publisher's cut, and the really important thing to watch is the price of new books in terms of intellectual equivalents, of good records, and of good theatre.

Though we prove that the several divisions of the author has each his rightful share of the world's goods, there remains the possibility that the publisher, though modestly rewarded as an individual, may be, as a corporation, too greedy. A penthouse office and a business dinner at "21" are just as much a slice of luxury as an income of a hundred grand. If overhead is large, it will dominate editorial policy. We have all seen what it has done to the American movie. The publishing of a book must remain a small operation, else the publisher will publish what all think is fair instead of what he thinks is good; but he must still have capital enough to raise his voice when he feels it important. Since the publisher is the freest free press, it is important to maintain his interest in his channels to media such as movies and big circulation magazines, which are less free, more money-bound, or more subscriber-bound than he. On the other hand, it is important to keep him independent of these media.

BOOKS are the memory of man. The book is the only agency a man can have which will give the world a permanent and easy reference to his ideas and gives to his title and above all his name a lasting shape and value. Thus the original publisher makes the Book-of-the-Month Club a bargain. He does the same for the reprinters and the digesters and even to a certain extent for the movies. There should be an attempt to set a value on this service and the degree of its success which should not be confused with the author's right to his own payments.

The movies have recognized this principle, and a special publisher's royalty paid by the movie to the publisher on copies sold over a certain modicum number is not uncommon. The rate of the publisher's royalty from the reprinter might be set on the same basis. It could vary with the original sale of the book. The success of a literary work does not rest entirely on its own merit. Skilful publication plays a part.

The publisher sifts the world's manuscripts. He continuously tests the world's taste. He supplies to the book clubs the best according to his lights; and whether or not his book is selected, he performs the service of elimination. A certain minimum sum might well go to all contributing publishers from the book clubs, based on the number of books submitted, and this might be accompanied by a corresponding reduction in the publisher's royalty on selected books. It

(*Continued on page 25*)

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

CHARACTERS AND BELLS

The characters in this week's quiz were in one way or another concerned with bells. How many of them do you remember? Allowing five points for each one you can name and another five for the author who created him, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. The answers are on page 28.

1. After her press agent conceived the idea of having all the church bells in town rung continuously for four days to observe this movie actress's funeral, a series of miracles occurred.
2. When this American major, head of the Amgot in a small Italian town, learned that the ancient village bell had been taken by the Nazis, he succeeded in getting the townsfolk a new one from a navy destroyer.
3. The chimes in the great church had been silent for many years until a silver piece given by this boy, who had foregone the Christmas services to aid a freezing old woman, caused them to ring.
4. To prevent a bell from ringing the signal for her lover's execution, this brave maiden clung to the clapper.
5. In a wicked moment this pirate removed the bell which warned mariners of a treacherous rock and was wrecked on that same rock some time later.
6. This one-eyed hunchback became deaf from ringing the huge bells of Notre Dame cathedral.
7. Whenever this little fairy moved she made a tinkling sound.
8. This town had a bell in the market place so that whenever wrong was done to any man he could ring it and summon the syndic, who would administer justice.
9. After this workman had cast a wonderful bell, it was hauled up a mountainside, where a mischievous wood sprite wrecked the wagon, causing the bell to crash down into a lake.
10. While running away, this poor and friendless boy heard the Bow bells, which seemed to say: "Turn again and be thrice lord mayor of London."

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Instinct's Angry Man

AN ESSAY ON MORALS. By Philip Wylie, New York: Rinehart & Co., 1947. 204 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by
HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

MR. PHILIP WYLIE writes as a jet-propelled Blake archangel might be expected to fly—dazzlingly, angrily, and with evangelical fire streaming from his exhaust-ports. Three of his works—"Finnley Wrenn," "Night Unto Night," and "Generation of Vipers"—have established him as a relentless castigator of American manners, morals, and mistakes. The marching-club of his readers, of which I am a charter member, has come to expect great things of Mr. Wylie; if at times he is a trifle shrill we need only remind ourselves that his high-pitched technique is specially designed to reach eardrums already deafened by the roar of approaching doom.

"An Essay on Morals" is Mr. Wylie's attempt to state his philosophic position; it is a grave work and, in places, a disarmingly tender one. Even where it evokes disagreement, the Essay deserves serious and sympathetic treatment. After reading it twice (as Mr. Wylie urges his readers to do) I can report that this book is not only a recognizable microcosm of our stricken world, but also a revealing psychograph—an artillery-map, so to speak, —of Mr. Wylie's embattled soul.

Early in his Essay the author describes in clinical detail the ulcer of confusion gathering in the brain and belly of contemporary man. He warns of catastrophic evils yet to befall; he boldly assigns reasons for these evils, and in a crescendo of wrath scourges the institutions he holds responsible for our plight. Never before, in any language, has such a rod leapt from pickle. Jeremiah was a murmurer and Tom Paine a journeyman tinker compared to Philip Wylie when he attacks the forces that have bound mankind in moldy withes of sexual ignorance, infantile guilt, and superstitious fear.

Selectively borrowing from Freud and Jung, especially the latter, Mr. Wylie candidly appropriates to his own use the concept of the "collective unconscious"—that unplumbed, timeless ocean of energy which underlies our conscious life and powerfully influences the behavior of individuals and species. Soon we meet the hero of the book: *Instinct*, the earliest, strongest, and (according to Mr. Wylie) still the most trustworthy guide to human satisfactions and fulfilment. As long as Instinct was the sole animator of man's being, he dwelt in a kind of pre-human Eden or floated tranquilly on the broad bosom of an ageless, unworried stream. Frankly an animal, he spent his days—without regret for the past or calculation on the future—in the innocently amoral pursuit of animal happiness.

But into this instinctual Paradise a serpent crept—the serpent of the Ego. Man gazed into the murky mirror of himself and was wondrously beguiled by the image so flatteringly superior to the other animals around him. This new Ego-concept loosed most of the trouble that now stalks the world. As Mr. Wylie says, "It severed, of necessity, [man's] connection with Nature, with the Peace that does not need a dogma." Thus cut off from original good, man embarked on a series of God-posturings and misbegotten anxieties that ultimately landed him in his present boat—a patchwork wherry loaded to the gunwale with fear, rushing rudderless with its hysteric crew toward the Awful Falls.

During his cruise along the river of history man cajoled himself, or was cajoled by others, into erecting "Archetypes"—totemic symbols of heroism, duty, nobility, social obligation, and God-likeness which did little else than befuddle the true beast in him. The chief exploiter of this befuddlement is religion, and Roman Catholicism heads the bill of Mr. Wylie's panting indictment. Hear his lash crack and fall:

> Wherever in a nation the Roman Catholic Church is able to grasp the public instinct, freedom dies, a tyranny is set up over the citizens to conform with the spiritual and temporal tyranny of this church, and cathedrals flourish while the people grow poor. A night of ignorance is walled around them like a sheepfold. The clergy fleshes up. Science is extinguished as a light among the laity and handed over to the Jesuits who have so employed it that their name of Jesus is a synonym for intrigue.

Such flagellant writing will be applauded in some quarters and rebutted in others. I choose neither to applaud nor rebut. Instead I take my stand on John Milton's dictum that a man should be permitted to say what he pleases, if he is willing to suffer the full consequences of what he has said. In Milton's England (and in other countries nearer to us in time) "full consequences" meant death. I am sure that Mr. Wylie would go to the block, if need be, in defense of his statement quoted above. But I must also point out that in this archetyped society he attacks so violently, his head will not be cut off, he will not be burned, imprisoned, flogged, or even fined. Credit a point here to the Archetype of Tolerance, hopefullest totem of our tribe.

I cannot, however, let Mr. Wylie off a much grimmer hook—his casual disregard of certain facts about his hero, Instinct. This chap has an ugly history, well-known to everyone but Mr. Wylie. Instinct, according to Sigmund

THE AUTHOR: Philip Gordon Wylie was born in 1902 at North Beverly, Massachusetts, where his father, the Reverend Edmund Melville Wylie, was minister of the Congregationalist Church. His mother, Edna Wylie, wrote popular fiction; she died when Philip was seven. There were two younger children. Dr. Wylie discussed the sins of all three from the pulpit on Sunday, calling them by name and pointing them out to the congregation. At dinner he gave extra desserts to those who contributed new words to the family conversation. Like all clerical families the Wylies went from post to post, finally settling in Montclair, New Jersey, for a period of seventeen years. Philip attended Princeton. He failed to make a club because his clothes weren't correct and he left in 1923 without a degree. He worked in advertising and at other jobs, and was an early member of *The New Yorker* staff, writing filler verses under various names. Once an editor, finding a page one line short, added a few words to a Wylie poem, making him the only author of a fifteen-line sonnet. In 1928 he took seriously to writing, producing novels, short stories for every class and type of magazine—including the Crunch and Des fishing yarns for *The Saturday Evening Post*—essays, excoriations, letters to the editors, newspaper columns, and movie scripts for Hollywood. He writes easily and quickly, without apparent suffering. He is a pushover for the third deadly sin, anger, and is in a state of high dudgeon at something or other most of the time. "Generation of Vipers" is a witness to this. He is married to Frederica Ballard.

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Freud, seeks its earliest and strongest satisfactions in powerful drives toward murder, incest, and cannibalism. That these instinctual drives operate constantly in all of us, and that we encounter frightful difficulties in repressing or sublimating them, must be honestly conceded. War, drunkenness, suicide, insanity, and divorce all stem, as Mr. Wylie justly says, from our personal and social efforts to transmute our instincts into creative, serviceable forms. It is a costly, never-ending struggle; many fail and fall in the battle. Does Mr. Wylie now suggest that it is better to run joyously with these "natural" instincts than to restrain them? Such is the implied logic of his Essay, though he shuns this logic by the sophist trick of not stating an ugly premise. And he fades into semantic shadows discussing the mechanisms by which our instinctual energies are geared into the complex wheels of moral action. Some hard expository writing would, I believe, clarify many points of his major arguments.

I was puzzled throughout the book by the author's fantasies about Nature. When he speaks of "clasping Nature again in her whole body," his thought seems wrapped in the wistful gauze of Emerson at his transcendental fuzziest. Evidently the Concord school has shipped Mr. Wylie quite a bill of goods; he is oversold on the Oversoul. An unwonted calm pervades his shop whenever he contemplates Nature as the source of truth and inspiration. Actually, as any of Mr. Wylie's scientist friends could testify, Nature is a flinty-hearted stepmother whose plan, so far as we can discern it, is an appalling compound of cruelty and indifference. The sow gobbling her farrow, the wolf-pack pulling down its weakest member, the conscienceless tornado, and the famine-breeding drought—these are some aspects of Nature that I recommend to Mr. Wylie's notice. A night of stars or a summer sea are wonderful unguents to the chafed spirit of man, but are not entirely satisfactory as guides to human action. Mr. Wylie must serve drink more robust than Concord-type starshine if he hopes to slake our thirst for moral wisdom.

Laying down "An Essay on Morals" after mulling it over for a week, I come unwillingly to a rather painful estimate of the man and his work. As a whipmaster, Mr. Wylie is tremendous; prudes and tyrants tremble when he unlimbers his savage blacksnake. But in the more difficult task of marshalling general ideas so that minds will be cleansed and souls saved, Mr. Wylie's gifts fail him. In his new book he assails a problem that neither budges nor quails at the crack of his *allez-oop* prose. He is not a thinker. he scares nobody, and helps nobody, when he tries to be one.

The single clear fact about the Essay (clear, that is, to anyone who has an ounce of psychoanalytic insight) is that its author is still raging, at the age of forty-five, against unlaid ghosts of infantile hatred and undissolved aggression. Failing to transcend his own anxieties, yet compulsively obliged to exhibit them, this amazing virtuoso cries out in anguish at the dementia of our days. True, our illness is real enough; our danger terrifying. But Philip Wylie's hoarse stridency leads me to believe that his rage is directed at something else—something deep within himself that must be plucked out, or at least recognized, before he can become our prophet or our guide.

Henry Morton Robinson has written many books, including last year's "The Perfect Round." His next, "The Great Snow," will be published this month by Simon & Shuster. With Joseph Campbell he authored "A Skeleton Key To Finnegans Wake."

Moral Debacle—Cause and Cure

THE REDISCOVERY OF MORALS. By Henry C. Link. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1947. 218 *pp.* $2.50.

RELIGION IN PUBLIC EDUCATION. By V. T. Thayer. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 208 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by GUY EMERY SHIPLER

DR. LINK, whose previous books in the field of psychology have been widely known and the cause of heated controversy, in this latest volume gives his answers to the question of what is wrong with the world and its people and what can be done about it. He deals primarily with the two areas of race and class conflict. The basic cause of our chaos he believes, is that the long struggle of religion "to establish ethics and morals as a universal way of life rather than a lesson in expediency" has been largely lost. The authority which religion has lost has been partly due to the development of physical science. Along with the sloughing off of much superstition in "the old-time religions" not only that which was worthless has disappeared but much that was good, including the basic moral standards. Perhaps Dr. Link means to imply, as it seems to this reviewer he should have stated, that pitifully bad theology, which has misshaped and overlaid the fundamental principles of both Judaism and Christianity, is equally, if not more, responsible for the debacle of morals than science.

In his discussion of race conflict Dr. Link makes not only a skilled analysis but wholesome suggestions for procedures toward correction. When it comes to discussion of the class struggle his prejudices in behalf of management and against organized labor become woefully apparent. He devotes many pages to the evils of labor but one searches in vain for any condemnation, or even appraisal, of management, with which he long had working connections. Zoroaster could not more staunchly have put the god of light on one side and the god of darkness on the other. A single sentence gives the case away when the author states that "the doctrine of the common man"—which he seems to fear mightily—says to the worker: "The reason you have so little is not because you are less able but because your neighbor has so much." Liberal churchman may well be astonished by Dr. Link's assertion that "The Social Gospel calls for the destruction of this [capitalistic] minority . . . by *socialized* covetousness, stealing, and the bearing of false witness." Perhaps this strange concept is why the author says nothing of the cry for justice of the disturbing prophets of Israel.

In his "Religion in Public Education" Dr. Thayer has done a service which those who are concerned for the future of our democracy will gratefully recognize. He is disturbed by the fact, becoming more apparent each day to those who are watching trends, that our cherished separation of church and state is in immediate danger. In many states in the Union bills have been introduced which would make it legal to use tax monies to furnish bus service for parochial schools. The recent five to four decision of the Supreme Court declaring that New Jersey tax money could be used to pay for transportation to Roman Catholic parochial schools ac-

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cents the danger which Dr. Thayer discusses.

Beginning from colonial days he records the movement to incorporate religious education in our public schools, and the failures and successes. He gives cogent reasons for preventing the teaching of religion, per se, in public schools. Those who are convinced that teaching only the basic principles of religion in schools would avoid any touch of sectarianism would find it difficult to answer Dr. Thayer's careful analysis. In discussing possible state support for non-public schools he points out that "many Catholics and Protestants seek to induce the state to assume the burden of private education through subsidies for free text-books and teaching materials, teachers' salaries, and the maintenance of buildings. Dr. Thayer admits that such efforts are well-intentioned, though misguided. He thinks that those who believe the introduction of religious education in public schools would largely correct the moral chaos of today are mistaken, and that such instruction in public schools tends to make children conscious of differences. But he is strongly in favor of using our schools for the development of character and spiritual values — "spiritual in the sense of helping young people to evolve ideals and standards with which to direct their lives." Both Dr. Link and Dr. Thayer have made helpful contributions toward solving the problems of human relationships.

—*Wide World Studio.*

Robert Aura Smith rejects a "Muslim State or Pakistan and advocates a united India with 'strong Commonwealth commitments'."

One Nation, Indivisible

DIVIDED INDIA. By Robert Aura Smith. New York: Whittlesey House. 1947. 253 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LOUIS FISCHER

ROBERT AURA SMITH worked in India during the war for the Office of War Information of the United States Government. Before that he was a foreign correspondent of *The New York Times* in Asia. Now he has written a book entitled "Divided India." "My purpose in writing this book," he says, "is to make a small contribution, if I can, to a better understanding between Britons and Americans. . . . The so-called problem of India has often been an impediment to those good relations."

With such a beginning, and with such a title, one expects the author to be opposed to Indian independence. Actually, however, Mr. Smith's thesis is that India, though divided, must not be divided. He stresses, indeed, I think, he overstresses, the factors which make for division in India. Yet he staunchly, vehemently, firmly rejects a separate Muslim state or Pakistan and advocates a united India with, he suggests, "strong Commonwealth commitments." Most Indians, so far as I know, do not wish to remain in the British Commonwealth.

Mr. Smith's book includes a long chapter on "Elements of Division" in India. But then he remarks that "in actual practice these religious differences, profound as they are, have less bearing on the relationship of Muslim to Hindu than would be supposed. In the main the two groups live together in reasonable peace." This remains true despite the recent barbarous, bloody riots in Bombay, Bihar, and Bengal.

"I have had in my own house," Mr. Smith writes, "an office in New Delhi, for example, at the same time, a Muslim major domo, a Christian cook, a Hindu masalchi (second boy), Hindu untouchable sweepers, Hindu (caste) messengers, a Parsi bookkeeper, Gurkha guards, and a Sikh chauffeur. There were no religious fights on the premises." Normally there would be no fights. But an unscrupulous politician could always incite to violence and expect to draw at least a few stabbings in the hothouse tenements of India's crowded cities and provinces.

Mr. Smith does not believe a civil war in India is likely. He adduces many reasons. The most convincing is the new nature of the Indian army. After all, only Muslims would want to launch a civil war against the government of a free, united India, but they would be handicapped by "a gradual transformation in the character of the Indian military over a period of years until the balance no longer favors the Muslims." In the army, Muslims are "less than one-third. The Hindus are slightly under one-half." In the air branch, "the Hindu community is predominant." Hindus, according to the author, also have a growing weight in the navy. Hindus are culturally and educationally more advanced than Muslims. Hence their increasing importance in armed services which, due to modern inventions, are becoming more mechanized and technical.

My own view is that the leaders of the reactionary, landlord-ridden Muslim League have neither the organization nor the power to win or even start a civil war. At worst they can keep India disturbed through riots and stubborn political boycotts thus sinking their country still further into abject poverty. This is a grave responsibility which only irresponsibles can face with equanimity.

Like Robert Aura Smith, every decent person in India and abroad, especially in Great Britain, should "resist the pernicious theory that India can be and ought to be divided."

If the British and the Gandhi-Nehru led Congress could agree on fundamentals, the Princes and the Muslims would have no choice but to coöperate. The solution may take years, but Pakistan is a fantastic notion conceived by a poet who later abandoned it only to see his idea taken up by an unemotional, unimaginative lawyer, Mr. Jinnah. Pakistan could only be a feudal theocracy run by rich land barons. It would create many problems for Indians and for the world without solving one.

It is gratifying to find that Mr. Smith, who went to India with no burning zeal for Indian freedom, and who still gives British imperial history the benefit of many doubts, has grasped the essential fact of India's unity.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 674)

JOHN ROY CARLSON: *THE PLOTTERS*

I have rediscovered that these poisons — hate and prejudice — in the national blood-stream are by no means confined to so-called crackpots or to the politically naïve. . . . They have infiltrated into the warp and woof of American life.

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The Poison in Our Body Politic

GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT. By Laura Z. Hobson. New York: Simon & Shuster. 1947. 275 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

NOT long ago I was in a small town, a village, really, I have known off and on for many years. It is one of the nicest small towns imaginable, neat, pretty—which so many American small towns aren't—and most of the people who live in it are fine people. Charitable, kindly, easy to get along with. There are few of the economic stresses and strains that now so plague and bedevil the world. Moreover, it is a cosmopolitan place. Numerous people, all of them well-to-do, some of them rich, have settled there. The town is a fairly accurate cross-section of the best in America.

I was there a couple of weeks and saw numerous old friends, men and women, and almost every time I saw them something was said that left me, as an American, shocked, unhappy, and disturbed. If these had been ignorant people, it would have been different. One knows how to assess ignorance. Or if these remarks had been made in the heat of argument, one could also have understood better. It was their very casualness that was shocking. They were threaded into ordinary conversation as if everyone would agree and take them for granted.

What is going on in the town I have in mind, is going on all over the country, only in a more bitter and accentuated way. It makes you wonder what has become of old-fashioned American tolerance, old-fashioned American kindliness; the policy of live and let live upon which America was founded and became great. This

—*Halsman.*

In "Gentleman's Agreement" Laura Z. Hobson "avoids skilfully" the pit usually set, ready and waiting, for thesis novels.

is still a comparatively thinly settled country. There is plenty of room left for people of every kind and for beliefs of every kind, so long as they are honest and American.

Now, I know prejudice in all its forms is as old as mankind, and I know that America has never been free from it—if it had been, it would have been heaven, not a place where men and women live. But this country for many decades had definite ideas about prejudice, and the majority of Americans had for prejudice the contempt it deserves. Certainly there was not this almost universal miasma; this creeping, invisible fog that chokes not the lungs of men, but their hearts.

The protagonist of "Gentleman's Agreement" is prejudice, and the title is sardonic as it should be. So this is definitely a thesis novel, as so many earnest novels nowadays are. Occasionally, it is true, it falls into the pit set for thesis novels and for a page or so becomes a tract. But on the whole Mrs. Hobson avoids skilfully that pit, and her righteous passion is such, her conviction, her ability to make human her characters as they fight prejudice or succumb to it, that you are swept along by her story. Her human hero—human protagonist—is a young and successful writer of national articles who comes to New York from California to join the staff of a great liberal weekly for which he has already done much work. In New York he meets many people of many different minds and backgrounds, including the niece of his friend and supporter, the owner and editor of the liberal weekly. A stormy and difficult love affair follows. Why it is so stormy and difficult you will understand if you read the book, for the girl, fine and intelligent and liberal and well-meaning as she is, is unaware how bound and motivated she is by prejudice until she is put to the test. Most of us, unfortunately, are in the same case.

The test arises because the young magazine writer's initial assignment when he arrives in New York—and his name is Philip Schuyler Green, and he comes of a family of Protestant American lineage of long standing, all of which facts are important—is a series of articles on antisemitism. At first he is bewildered and doubtful, despairing. How can anyone say anything new about this ancient open sore? What possible new angle of attack is there? Above all, how can a Christian put himself in the place of a sensitive, intellectual Jew? To tell how Mrs. Hobson solves these problems, or rather, problem, for the dilemma is all of one piece, would be unfair to the story. But she does solve it excitingly and originally.

I hope a lot of people read her book and ponder it deeply. It should make Americans think. To have fought and won two terrible wars within the short span of less than thirty years, and to have fought them on definitely announced American principles, and then to succumb to the poison of our enemies and to lose these wars spiritually and mentally, is not to have won at all. Prejudice, anti-Catholic, anti-Jew, anti-anything-you-want, is, despite all other problems, the main problem of today. And, until recently, we had thought we had advanced so far upon the path of civilization!

Ambrose Bierce said the last word on prejudice, and throughout the ages all wise men have said the same. "Prejudice," said Ambrose Bierce, "is a vagrant opinion without visible means of support."

Memorial Sonnet for Albert Sterner

By Christopher La Farge

THERE'S sweet continuance in remembering:
Man's immortality is more strong and fond
When the whole memory of his life can fling
Good energies to which all men respond.
Here lie no bones, but long vitality;
Here lies no flesh, but an accomplished art;
Here death is but another quality
To seize each living and responsive heart.
Friendship and love are widowed in the flesh
While they are newly married in the mind,
Art is the minister who makes all fresh,
Turns death to life immortal and refined.
Here lie no bones, but dust that will not still:
Here lies no flesh, but art's enduring will.

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Farewell to Childhood

THE MOUNTAIN LION. By Jean Stafford. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1947. 231 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

MISS STAFFORD has put the entire width of the continent between her first and second novels. The Far West supplants the effete Eastern seaboard in "The Mountain Lion." The change proves beneficial; this novel is much less derivative than "Boston Adventure" and the point of view appears to be somewhat healthier. Still there is ugliness in the mountains and a brooding symbolism in Goldilocks the tawny lion. Apparently Peter the Boston cat has gone West with Miss Stafford, slightly larger, much more to be feared, but still desirable to the point of obsession.

In this story of awakening there is that fierce sense of the inexorable that makes for tightly interested reading. Children grow up, loving relationships dissolve, and the loneliness of the developed adult emerges. People do what they have to do, relinquish what they must, and eternally seek a substitute for dreams.

Molly and Ralph, at eight and ten, are enormously happy and completely understanding in their sister and brother union. Firm against their pretty, stupid sisters, their cultured, refined mother, they affiliate themselves warmly with their step-grandfather. A rough diamond but proud of it, Grandpa Kenyon lives ruggedly until his final moment. He is lost to us early, bringing the children even closer. In despair they turn to Uncle Claude, Grandpa's son entirely in his own image. He takes them to the mountains of Colorado. Farewell to California is farewell to childhood. The boy's awareness of desire, his strong determination to exclude his sister in favor of a newer, untried life and the girl's resulting sense of loss and forced denial motivate the theme.

Now Claude and Ralph, as man and man, are haunted by the mountain lion. More and more elusive, the animal becomes more and more magnetic. Finally the hunters triumph simultaneously at the fearful cost of murder. A wild bullet slays Molly, leaving Ralph forever unencumbered.

Miss Stafford implies a certain abnormality in the association. Unknown to Ralph, it is the subconscious power behind his act. Molly tries to conquer by hate but lacks sufficient affirmation. Her repression becomes sinister, her bodily shame acute. The ugly, near-sighted, skinny girl grows physically more unattractive, while her brother blossoms into fine manhood. We neither pity nor care; the tragedy is crystal-clear, sheer, and unemotional.

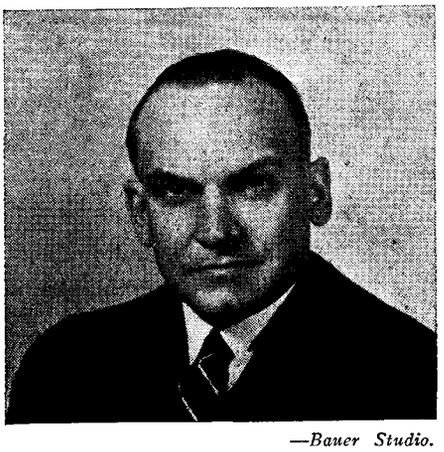
Miss Stafford writes with brilliance.

—*Arni.*

Jean Stafford's "tragedy is crystal clear, sheer, and unemotional."

Scene after scene is told with unforgettable care and tenuous entanglements are treated with wise subtlety. She creates a splendid sense of time, of the unending afternoons of youth, and of the actual color of noon and of night.

Refinement of evil, denial of drama only make the underlying truth more terrible.



—*Bauer Studio.*

Norman E. Nygaard writes with "the stricken eloquence of the honest man."

Corruption in Colombia

DEEP FOREST. By Norman E. Nygaard. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1947. 246 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

MR. NYGAARD has written in such utter and unadorned simplicity that his pages seem often to come out of a primer. Yet his simplicity becomes a literary virtue because it is wed to profound emotion, perhaps the profoundest that he, a practising minister, can experience. The text—and a certain modicum of biographical data is of especial relevance here—rises out of his first professional experience; ordained to the ministry in 1923, he left in that same year for South America. An illness brought him back to the States, where he has worked ever since, preaching, we cannot doubt, countless sermons upon man's inhumanity to man. Yet nothing he has seen or thought of since can have brought this inhumanity so close to him, with such impact and horror, as that early experience in Colombia. He has made a novel of it, not with any novelist's art (which he does not possess) but with the stricken eloquence of the honest man.

One tenet of good artistic objectivity Mr. Nygaard has instinctively observed. He has kept himself out of the story entirely. There is no young minister here to move about among the natives in growing unhappiness, and I think the book has benefited for it. The focus is clearly upon Luis Romero, upon his brother Blas, upon their wives and children, upon their struggle to achieve the simple necessities deep in the Colombian forest. That would not of itself have been a difficult matter, for the forest is lush and extravagant of its fruit, and the land, once cleared, rich in produce. But when nature is kind there remains still man to be dealt with. In Colombia it is the government of the cities that condemns Luis and his fellows to poverty, and to death if they lift their heads to complain. They must buy in the town, but they may not sell there. They may not combine into a farmers' union, to float their produce down the river in communal boats. They may not meet in town to discuss their grievances.

Such is the pattern of Luis Romero's life as Mr. Nygaard sets it forth. It is a grim and naked pattern, unrelieved by analysis or illumination, unrelieved even by the comforting landmarks of definition. These are not agrarian republicans struggling against a repressive fascist government; somehow that forming of the lines would make it a fight with a chance in it. But this is the struggle before it has become conscious—and therefore hopeful—the mute stirring under the clubs.

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The Dynamo of ONI

SECRET MISSIONS: THE STORY OF AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER. By Captain Ellis M. Zacharias, U.S.N. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1946. 433 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

ONE of the first figures I saw after I reported for duty in the Navy Department was a tall, broad-shouldered, rangy officer who carried his head a little thrust forward, and walked with the easy swing of a leopard. It was a striking face in those long corridors filled with unremarkable faces, the face of an intellectual and a visionary, with—in the wide, mobile mouth, the long, inquisitive, humorous nose, the arrogant eyebrows—a touch of Cyrano or d'Artagnan, even a touch of Figaro. My guide that day was an ex-Washington newspaperman, an old-timer in the service (as we counted old-timers in 1942), who spoke irreverently of admirals. But there was only awe in his whisper, after the tall figure had swung past: "That was Captain Zack." Then, after a reflective pause, "The best damned intelligence officer in the United States Navy." It was a judgment which, during the next three years, I often heard repeated.

At that time Captain Zacharias had recently come from commanding the heavy cruiser *Salt Lake City* in those early campaigns in which she won the soubriquet of "The One-Ship Fleet" to be deputy director of the Office of Naval Intelligence, and that organization was beginning to hum with the new energy he infused. He was in a subordinate position, he got little support from his immediate superiors, but he knew (and knew that he knew) more about intelligence than anyone in Washington, and there was a job to be done. In the fifteen months before his interference with other people's comfort got him sent back to the Pacific, he put his stamp indelibly on ONI's whole wartime organization. He originated all its most important new activities, or got them launched, and fought for them continuously against the red tape of the department and the obtuseness of the heavy brass. For whatever Naval Intelligence contributed thereafter towards victory, a credit goes to Ellis Zacharias, and whatever admiral happened to be at the head of Intelligence, most of the outfit always felt that they were still working for Captain Zack.

In a word, Zacharias was the Billy Mitchell of Naval Intelligence. He believed in its value to the Navy, he knew that it was not properly appreciated, and he pushed it, in season and out. He never cared how many service enemies he made (he made plenty) provided he did the service a bit of good. To make his point, he was obliged to blow his own horn (modesty is never an outstanding virtue of prophets), to insist that he knew better than his superiors, occasionally to show up their incompetence. Anyone who knows how military organizations work could always have predicted the effect on his personal career. Presumably that was a risk he accepted. It resulted in his being excluded from the duties for which he was best trained throughout the greater part of the war, and repeatedly passed over for promotion. (He has only recently been promoted to rear admiral.) But anyone who thinks that he wrote "Secret Missions" to press a personal claim or air a personal grievance misunderstands the nature of the man and the elementary point of his book. In form, "Secret Missions" is an autobiography, the experiences of Ellis Zacharias as an intelligence officer from the beginning of his language training in Japan in 1920 to his historic broadcasts to the Japanese in 1945. In substance it is a book about intelligence, how intelligence officers are trained, what their functions are in peace and in war, and what service they could do if we understood how to make use of them.

Capt. Ellis M. Zacharias, "the best damned intelligence officer in the United States Navy"—a judgment often heard repeated.

Take the chapters about Pearl Harbor, for instance. In the crucial prewar months of 1941, the U. S. Naval officer who knew the most about the Japanese had, instead of a top intelligence assignment, the routine command of a heavy cruiser. Nevertheless Zacharias went out of his way to warn Admiral Kimmel that the Japs were about to go to war, that they would attack without warning, that they would try to knock out our battle fleet at Pearl Harbor with carrier-borne planes, and that they would probably attack on a Sunday morning. From his knowledge of Japanese psychology and doctrine he said that the acute danger signals would be: the conjunction of three high ranking Japanese diplomats in Washington (this happened December 2), and the appearance of a Jap submarine in Hawaiian waters (this happened December 5). Zacharias was snubbed for his pains. All this is a matter of indisputable record. But the point of repeating it at length is not to prove how clever Zacharias was, but to demonstrate that a proper intelligence estimate, and one, moreover, supported by a great deal of additional data known in Washington, was available to the fleet commander and ignored because such was the normal habit of the Navy.

Or take the story of the famous broadcasts. Our Navy was obsessed by the idea (sold it by Jap propaganda) that the Japanese never surrendered. Zacharias, along with practically everyone else who had ever studied any Japanese history, knew better. But before he could get from the routine shore job where he was sidetracked to the proper authorities in Washington, President Roosevelt had left for Yalta and the bloody Okinawa campaign had been launched. When the broadcasts finally got under way they did more to persuade the Japanese to surrender than the atom bomb. This, again, is an indisputable matter of record. But again the point is, not the effectiveness of these particular broadcasts, but the effectiveness of psychological warfare in general, and the supreme importance of correct intelligence estimates on the highest echelon.

Perhaps insisting too much on these matters distorts a proper reviewer's account of "Secret Missions." Zacharias, himself, does not insist on his troubles with the heavy brass. He is generous in acknowledging the cooperation and understanding of numerous admirals, and numerous civilians, and discreet about the details of his frequent frustrations. In the main, he has written a highly readable, informal narrative, often amusing, often exciting. Some readers will like it, simply because they like spy stories. Others will prize it as the best account of certain essential chains of events in the recent war. But its author wrote it mainly for its final plea for the cause to which he has devoted his life, the cause of an adequate American intelligence service. In the postwar world such a service is more important than ever.

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A Too Brief Manual on Russia

BEHIND SOVIET POWER. By Jerome Davis. New York: Readers' Press, Inc. 1946. 120 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by RICHARD E. LAUTERBACH

IN HIS introduction to "Behind Soviet Power," Joseph E. Davies, former Ambassador to Moscow, has this to say about the author: "Dr. Jerome Davis knows Russia as few Americans have had the opportunity to do. Before we entered World War I, he served as a Y.M.C.A. secretary in charge of prisoners of war in Turkestan, and thereafter, during the same war, he served as head of the Y.M.C.A. in the Soviet Union. Over the years, he has visited Russia many times. More recently, from 1943 to 1945, he served as war correspondent for American and Canadian papers. He knows Russia at first hand, from the days of the czar up to now."

Dr. Davis divides his book into three parts: "Stalin, Man and Ruler," "The Russia Stalin Has Made," and "One World—And Stalin's Russia." As an afterpiece Dr. Davis has included Ilya Ehrenburg's "Message to Americans," written at the conclusion of the Soviet journalist's recent junket through the United States.

The first section is pretty much of a success story, Soviet style. It recounts most of the known facts about Stalin's personal life, gives the accepted Soviet version of the Stalin-Trotsky feud with an interesting explanation of how Stalin won that fight, and covers the 1936-37 treason trials as Stalin's method of "preparing for the war which he felt certain would be forced upon the Soviet Union." In this first part Dr. Davis quotes Stalin directly and at great length from official statements not generally available and twice from interviews which the author had with the Soviet leader in 1926 and 1927. These quotes are worth study. At one point in the 1926 interview Stalin discussed freedom of speech and Dr. Davis inquired, "Do you think you will permit more liberty of discussion within the party as time goes on and your party government is more firmly established?"

According to Dr. Davis, Stalin replied: "No. If anything there will be less discussion, for our leaders will be wiser, have had more experience, and will know how to deal with the problems which arise. On the other hand, there will probably be much more freedom for written criticism than now, especially in periodicals. Such criticism is healthful and stimulating. But a government must have oneness of aims, must know what its policy is, must act energetically."

The section also includes an appraisal of the "men around Stalin" and the likely candidates to succeed the 66-year-old Georgian. Dr. Davis reports that Andrei A. Zhdanov appears to be the logical candidate, although in the past year two newer members of the Politburo, Beria and Malenkov, have attained great prominence.

Part two is a brief, instructive description of collective farming, trade unionism, the Soviet policy on minorities, the emphasis on cultural development and education, the current and future status of religion.

The final part of Dr. Davis's book is devoted to a discussion of world relations, and especially American-Soviet relations. The author believes that World War II would have been preventable if the United States and Great Britain had backed Soviet Foreign Minister Litvinov's plan for collective security. In his next chapter he examines the question "Does Stalin Want to Communize Europe?" and concludes that all Russia wants is friendly neighboring countries. Granting that "Behind Soviet Power" is only a survey book, it certainly bites off bigger hunks than Dr. Davis or any word-eating polemicist can devour and/or digest in 120 pages. The scantiness of the evidence introduced in the seven-page chapter on "Communizing Europe" is an example of the volume's weakness as anything more than a helping-hand treatise which may or may not inspire the reader to dig further for the body of facts.

Before he is through, Dr. Davis analyzes (briefly) the words of the men of ill will, whom he calls "Propagandists for World War III," and evaluates the prospects for "War or Peace with Russia?" In a final chapter he sets down some of the more familiar generalizations about Russia ("Russia is preparing for war," "Russia has stamped out religion," "The Russians are as ruthless as the Nazis," etc.) and then presents his own views on their validity. Here again Dr. Davis barely has time and space to scratch the surface. The comments are ones frequently made by lecture audiences and Dr. Davis contents himself with the kind of replies which may satisfy, or quiet, a questioner at a lecture but not, I should think, a book reader. Here is an example: Dr. Davis poses the comment, "Russia is trying to divide Britain and the United States." His brief remarks on that follow: "Such ridiculous statements are parroted chiefly by the foes of Britain in the United States and vice versa. America should stand for justice, cooperating with whatever nation champions it."

Dr. Davis has an impressive academic background as well as a first-hand knowledge of his subject and I hope that someday he will sit down and turn out a scholarly study on Russia, which the current volume does not pretend to be. In the meantime "Behind Soviet Power" can serve as a counterirritant to William C. Bullitt's lop-sided "The Great Globe Itself."

"I can't help it . . . I've got a cold."

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Strictly Personal

FIRST LESSON

EVERY autumn in normal times I walk, with rather deliberate briskness, into a classroom in which are gathered about forty young men who have voluntarily enrolled themselves in a course entitled "Introduction to Philosophy." They have come to this course not as they come to similar enterprises in physics, chemistry, or history. They come to those subjects expecting to find out more about what they already know something about. They come to this class hoping before the end of it to have found what it is that they are studying. And, as I am a disciple of Socrates, I do not propose to tell them. I propose, by asking the proper questions, to have them tell me, and to assist them in the discovery that they have in essence always known what philosophy is.

I look around and light on the most likely-looking candidate. I find a young man whom I know by sight, Alfred Jeremy, hitherto undebauched by philosophy.

"Mr. Jeremy," I say without preamble, "I suppose you believe you exist."

Young Jeremy looks at me quizzically. I feel he is wondering if this is what professors of philosophy are paid to do.

"Of course I exist," he says, and I detect the slightest tone of impatience in his courteous and somewhat surprised tone.

"What makes you so sure?" I ask.

The large football player in the second row shifts his bulk impatiently in the seat too small for him, as if suddenly wondering what is going on here.

"Well," says Jeremy, "it's me. I mean I. I brought myself in here." The class smiles a little at that.

"How do you know it's you?" I say.

"I can pinch myself," he says. The football player does that very thing. Then he pinches his neighbor. I tap warningly on the table with a piece of chalk.

"I can feel my hands if I press them hard and I have a pain in the crick of my neck."

"You mean you have sensations," I say. "But how do you know they're yours?"

"Well, whose else would they be?" asks Jeremy in great surprise.

"But who are you?" I insist. "Simply this cluster of sensations at the present moment?"

"Oh, no," says Jeremy. "I'm the guy, excuse me, the fellow, who went through the Horace Mann School, and who entered Columbia College last year as a freshman. I left the dormitory this morning and had breakfast at the Sandwich Shop, no, it was in the Lion's Den, and I had a class in advanced French, and I talked to a couple of guys, I mean fellows, and now I'm here."

"But all that was up to the present moment; it was all in the past, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir," says Jeremy.

"It was pure memory," I say. "Might it not be false memory, pure fiction? You know how difficult it is to get a reliable witness of what has happened in the past. You can't be sure, can you, that it *was* you, can you now?"

"Who else could it be?" asks Jeremy.

"It might be a dream that you in the present are having of what you call the immediate past, mightn't it?"

During this colloquy some members of the class are sitting in absorbed attention. There is a bright-looking, very young man who can scarcely wait until I ask him a question. His hand is already up. The football player is not exactly absorbed, but he looks a little as if he would like really very much now to know what is going on here. The nice-looking boy in the third row seems vaguely troubled. Several look as if they think I am trying to play some trick on them.

The very-young-looking boy can wait no longer.

"Well?" I say. (I recognize him, too. He had come to interview me yesterday for the college paper.) "Mr. Gottesman, what do *you* think?"

"Well, I not only remember, but I expect," he says. "I know for pretty certain that I'm going to be around tomorrow, having breakfast and lunch and coming to classes."

"But that," I say, "is mere expectation, is it not? It's an act of faith. You can't really believe you exist on the ground that somebody to whom unhappened things have not yet happened is going to be there to have them happen to him. And is that the ground for your believing that you now exist—because somebody not in existence is going to exist? That future you does not yet exist, does he?"

"No," says young Gottesman ruefully. "I suppose he doesn't."

There is a hand raised in the back now. I look at the pleasant blue-eyed Irish face behind it.

"Your name, please."

"Farrell, John."

"Well, Mr. Farrell, what do you think? Why do *you* think you exist?"

"Because I can't think of myself not existing, while I'm sitting here talking—or thinking," he adds after a moment's thought. "Who else is doing it?"

"Have you ever read Descartes?" I ask.

"Never heard of him," he says, almost in a tone of disclaiming unsavory acquaintance.

"Well, he is a famous French philosopher of three centuries ago. He would be inclined to agree with you."

"He would?" asks Farrell.

"Well, let's see where we are," I say. "The past is an illusion, the future a gamble. We've got only ourselves of the moment—feeling, thinking, sensing—to be sure of. But surely, Mr. Farrell, you wouldn't call that enough to call 'Mr. Farrell,' would you? The John Farrell your parents know has a past and a future, hasn't he?"

"I surely hope so," says Mr. Farrell. "So do my parents, especially about the future."

"Well," I say, "let's take a vote for a moment. How many are willing to assume they exist?"

THE class is unanimous in favor of their own existence.

"But it's only an assumption, mind," I say. "We haven't proved it."

"Now how about other people?" John Farrell looks appraisingly at his neighbor to the left and then to the right. Many members of the class do the same. The football player looks appraisingly at me.

"How do we know other people exist?" Farrell repeats.

Mr. Jeremy raises his hand. I nod.

"Well, I hear them, I see them. Seeing is believing, as they say."

"Yes, but gentlemen, we are obviously often deceived. There are mirages in the desert; we think we see things that turn out to be not there, or to be something else. The man you see is not the one you thought you saw, but his brother. The stick looks broken in water, but it is the shadow, not a stick, that you see. Perhaps it is a devil who has masked as your friend and classmate. Perhaps it is a dream, or a nightmare."

The bright youngster in the front row looks at me as if he wondered if I were more than half joking.

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"And how about *things*, this blackboard, this desk?" I ask, turning to Mr. Farrell, whose blue eyes seem to be speculating curiously on this veil of illusion I have opened before him.

"Me?" he says, his attention recalled. "Well, the same thing as other people. I see it, I can touch it. The blackboard has a sort of odor, too."

I TAKE the class on a little imaginary tour through the history of thought. I remind them how uneasy Plato was about the sense, how Berkeley whisked the world away into a semblance, made by our ideas; of how Schopenhauer reminded us of the dreamlike quality of existence, despite the regularity and order of the dream.

"But things," persists the bright young boy, "are there in space, and that blackboard will be there tomorrow when we come back. Or," he added, "if we don't."

I had been rather waiting for this opening.

"What," I say, turning to Smith, having found his name next to his seat number, "what, Mr. Smith, is *space?*"

Mr. Smith considers a moment. He waves his hand comprehensively in the air. "Space is what everything else is in," he says.

The football player leans forward, "Yeah, like a box," he bursts out.

"But what," I say, "is space in?" Some of the boys look faintly disgusted, some perplexed.

"Yes, sir," says the football player slowly and ruefully, "what *is* it in?"

For the next fifteen minutes or so, without knowing the words, the young men, aided and abetted by myself, explore, in elementary form, some of the mysteries and paradoxes that Immanuel Kant turned up. We come out at about the same place he did. Perhaps space is just a way our mind has of arranging our sensations. Experience, we determined tentatively, is impossible without space, and yet it is impossible to find space in experience.

"Is it the same about time?" says a rather blasé youth in the third row who has not up to that point taken any part in the conversation.

"Well, surely the present is here," says Mr. Gottesman.

"And the past *has* been here," says the football player.

"And the future is surely going to be here," says Mr. Jeremy.

"You are going too fast for me, gentlemen," I interrupt. "Why are you so sure, Mr. Jeremy, that the past *was* here? Is it not, like yourself of yesterday, a memory? You surely cannot see the past, can you? Or hear it? It's gone forever.

"And as for the future, you can bet, if you care to, that it is going to take place, but surely at the present moment it does not exist. If it did, it would be the present, wouldn't it? There's just this moment, isn't there? All the rest is memory or imagination."

"It doesn't leave us very much," says very young Mr. Smith.

There are several students who have not entered into the discussion at all. But I suspect I know what is going on in their heads. Some of them look bored, and I am not sure they will not change their registration after all. Some of them are pleasantly bewildered, some embarrassed by their bewilderment. The football player finally says, "But that's all very well, maybe, for philosophers. But for plain, ordinary people, time and space and other people and themselves do exist, don't they now, professor? Right here now, aren't we in this actual room, talking to each other, today, Monday?"

For the next ten minutes we have quite a heated discussion. There are those who side with the football player, who take the side of commonsense men in all ages, who will have no traffic with such nonsense. In a class every sort of temperament in the history of mankind is likely to reveal itself. Young Gottesman is a kind of poet, and I can see already that he is impressed by the poetry and suasion of the idea that all that we see and hear is a dream.

I INTEND myself before the term is over to try to show these young men that it would be silly to pretend that they need seriously doubt their own existence, that of the world, of time and space and other people and things. My purpose this morning has been to get them to look at these *things with a difference. If only one* can get them to be critical of their most usual preconceptions, one is on the road. A little later we'll see what we can do about good and evil, right and wrong, justice and injustice. These students are very young, but they are already full of age-old prejudices. At least an Introduction to Philosophy may start them on the quest for more rational standards of life, of knowledge, of action, of society.

The bell is ringing, announcing the end of the hour. Young Farrell leans forward. "But *do* we exist?" he says.

"Here endeth the first lesson," I say.

IRWIN EDMAN.

This is the last of three "preview" articles from Irwin Edman's "Philosopher's Quest," to be published this month by Viking Press.

"Somebody has played a dirty trick on you, — they planted $500,000. in cash in your safe deposit box!"

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NOBODY SUBSCRIBES TO INTOLERANCE

THE effort of the National Conference of Christians and Jews to advance interest in their work for the eradication of racial prejudice has been given special emphasis during the past few days by its sponsorship of Brotherhood Week, an occasion which has had national support by radio, press, and pulpit. The aims of the Conference, of course, are the tenets of all intelligent, well-meaning individuals everywhere. In this country, at least, it would be difficult to find any considerable number of persons, even in the Southern states which have produced a Talmadge and a Bilbo, who would openly disavow tolerance as such. Whatever their personal conduct may imply, the majority of men and women in America give lip service to the ideals on which their nation was founded. The tragic dilemma lies in the fact that their theory and practice are so frequently at variance, and that the issue of prejudice is so overlaid with general social, economic, and political considerations as often to seem indivisible from them. Whether the recent Nazi credo with its scarifying brutality, and the war, with its intensification of racial hostilities, has increased or reduced prejudice in this country is still a moot question. But there can be no doubt that they have quickened discussion of it.

And inevitably. For this is a subject which by its dramatic emergence into public consciousness under the compulsion of tragic events has become of vital concern not only to professional humanitarians but to practitioners of the arts who, if they are to express their day, cannot ignore any of its manifestations. No trend has been more marked in recent literature, for instance, than the theme of racial intolerance. And the theatre, like literature, is beginning to handle it. So, too, the screen is venturing upon it, and fiction magazines, where it has long been tabu, are commencing to remove the ban against it. In the long, sad chronicle of man's inhumanity to man this is a heartening indication for the future.

This is peculiarly the writer's cause, for it is the writer, even more than the educator or the preacher, who can give tangibility and immediacy to problems that are general and vague by translating them into terms of the personal. Perhaps, indeed, it is peculiarly the novelist's and the dramatist's cause because they of all writers deal with relations between individuals, and because their impact is on the heart as well as on the mind. Fiction appeals to the emotions where argument is addressed to the reason, and what is felt is more keenly experienced than what is merely grasped by the intelligence. Lamentably few of mankind are able really to sympathize with joys and sorrows outside their own cognition, not through indifference or callousness but through lack of imagination. The novelist reduces a situation, an attitude of mind to the particular and the familiar, and the reader makes the identification between what he himself has known and felt and what is happening in the tale. It moves him directly and so arouses his interest in what his own reaction might have been under similar circumstances.

Prejudice has had a long past and it would be hardly reasonable to suppose that it will have a short future. It must be stormed on all fronts, and the job before those who are attacking it is manifold. The old stereotypes must be broken down as well as new ideals set up. The school, the stage, the home are all equally involved in the battle along with literature. Prejudice has not always entirely rested on ill-will, it has sometimes begun in good humor. But the figures which were perhaps playfully created, the drunken Irishman, the sharp-witted Jew, the childlike, happy Negro, have taken on a connotation in which the original intention is completely obscured in exaggeration and disfavor and have so become factors in fostering prejudice. It is the business of the writer or the artist to picture each of his characters as an individual, not to attach tags to them, as it is the business of the home and the school to teach the dignity of human character quite apart from racial or religious connections. It is a long-time program that is before the workers for tolerance, an effort that must be unrelaxing as it is patient. It is this effort which Brotherhood Week has been organized to spur forward. Its sponsors deserve all support in the aims which animated it.

A. L.

Fellow Pilgrims

By Percy MacKaye

I MET them wandering together:
A wistful boy, an ancient man.
Each held the other's hand in tether,
And each the other's eyes in scan.

Above their brows wild clouds were racing
Where Spring sun wintry dark outsped.
April pulsed in the old man's pacing;
November trudged in the fair boy's tread.

Under his white locks grisly frowzled
Glittered the old man's hazel eyes.
The gaze of the boy stared up through his tousled
Golden hair, in grave surmise.

I spoke with them both. The old man's sally
Of speech rang strangely like my own,
And a cadence of mine seemed mystically
To enmingle with the child's faint tone.

I asked: "Who are you, so close in tether?"
"Grief is my name," replied the boy.
"And you?" We all took hands, together,
As the old man answered: "I am Joy."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Cohn *Likes* Ladies

SIR: Some time ago, one of your editors who signed himself "H.S." wrote an editorial [*SRL* Jan. 18] saying that American writers had overdone their attacks on American women. I was among those included in this unhappy category, and while any other charge that you might have made against me—bank robbery, stealing from a blind man, counterfeiting the currency, or voting Republican—would have been received with equanimity, I cannot let this false charge pass unnoticed.

For one thing, sir, I was born and raised in the Mississippi Delta. This area, as all men know, is a river bottoms Cytherea tenanted by a happy people suspiring with sentiment, and redolent of midnight magnolia. There, sir, ladies are subject to only one disability: they suffer the agreeable fatigues incident to an excess of male gallantry. As for the precise source from which you drew your statement that I'm agin the ladies—an article in the *Atlantic*—its sole point was that *American men do not like women.* I defended the ladies as vigorously as I could, and you have therefore done violence to my position as a polemicist, and thrown into the bramble bush one who was wont to walk, if possible, amid lanes of honeysuckle. Since my duelling pistols are rusty, let it be double martinis at ten paces.

DAVID L. COHN.

Memphis, Tenn.

Editor's Note: We have already offered our apology to Mr. Cohn for confusing this gentleman from Mississippi with another writer who must have been born north of the Mason and Dixon line.

Rebuttal from Dooley

SIR: In a recent *SRL* [Jan. 4] I am the subject of two pages of impassioned, sometimes personal, remarks by James Thrall Soby. He objects at some length to what he considers my blanket dismissal of all art museum writing as "incoherent, pompous, and complicated."

In the first place. Mr. Soby may know good writing, but he reads poorly. The first paragraph of my innocuous story stated plainly that the subject was confined "to the curious writing that emanates from the world's museums and some of the scholars therein." I repeat "some," not "all"—though after reading Mr. Soby's evidence for the defense I am now moved to amplify my original statement to say "almost all."

In the second place, Mr. Soby stated that, of course, he might be prejudiced, having spent so much time in museums, being one of the colleagues. The plain inference was that only an outsider would write such a callow piece. Modesty almost prevents me from pointing out that it is almost a quarter-of-a-century since I began my studies at Harvard's Fogg Museum, and that for some years I have been proud to be a staff member of an institution that even Mr. Soby will agree is distinguished—the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and that at other times I have held such informal commissions as a consultant to the Director of the Metropolitan Museum. Hence what I wrote about *my* colleagues came with pain, and from the heart.

The simple point is that a lot of museum writing is heavily erudite and not good, or lightly romanticized and inadequate. Both schools agree, however, on the practice of never using one word where three or more can be found. You are not simply told an exhibit is open; instead "visitors are afforded an unusual opportunity of viewing works of art." Often a multi-volume treatise will have a foreword complaint "space forbids only a cursory, inadequate treatment of the subject." The multitude of footnotes is not always a badge of accuracy and deep study, but often a confession of intellectual inability to incorporate them in the text, where they sometimes belong.

There is a school of museum writing that follows Pollyanna's law of interchangeable reasoning. If a Monet is acquired, its soft iridescence is undeniable; if it were a Cézanne, its structural solidity is overwhelming. Nothing is very bad. A small picture is "intimate," a big one is "majestic" or "monumental." When you read "it is not so-and-so at the height of his powers, nevertheless it fills a gap in our collections" that means to the initiate "it's lousy, but the best we can do right now."

These simple remarks, extended slightly, now move Mr. Soby to anger. I have castigated all museum writers, he thinks, and in loyalty he rushed forward with names, William M. Ivins of the Metropolitan, Lloyd Goodrich of the Whitney, and some others, from Greater New York alone.

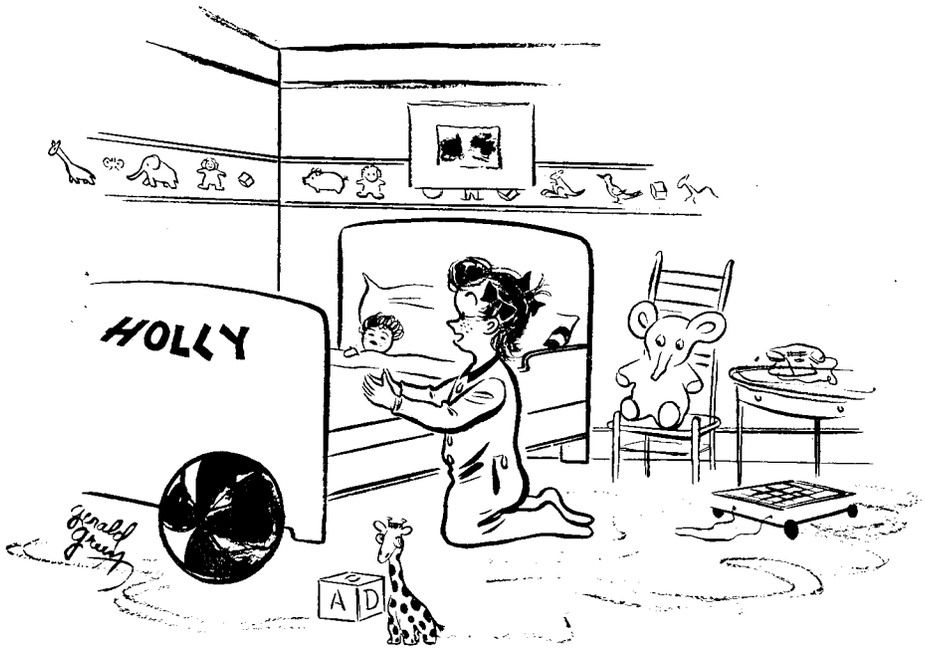
These, he thinks, write well and clearly, and I think so, too. But you would never guess it from the selections he trots out as samples. Being the object of assault, and willing to learn, I have read them carefully. They struck me with the impact of a damp sponge. I am going to watch Vermeer more closely in the future to see how he has "surpassed that last gravity of balance," and study Rubens for his "learned and elaborate musculature," for these are flights of the true revelation.

He mentions as a fine writer, and well he might, Mr. Ivins. I wonder why he did not choose to quote from the July 1945 Metropolitan *Bulletin* where Mr. Ivins says: "We of the museum staffs are a frighteningly woolly-headed and illiterate group. One test of it is that our mouths are full of hybrid ugly words without meaning," and in the same article he says that some museum folk are "so busy with their wangling and pedantry that they have no time for basic ideas." Mr. Soby would be extremely put out if I had written that.

The unusual part of this whole matter is that I have long considered James Thrall Soby to be one of the better writers on art, handling difficult contemporary subjects with discernment. Despite the nasty things he said about me I guess that I shall continue to think so.

WILLIAM GERMAIN DOOLEY.

Head of the Division of Education
Museum of Fine Arts
Boston, Mass.



"We're moving to Massachusetts tomorrow, God, so I won't be seeing you any more."

Ministerial Corn

SIR: Please thank the Connecticut farmer for his ideas concerning "ministerial corn" [*SRL* Nov. 23]. We parsons need just such sermens "preached at us." Could you get the farmer a job on a theological school faculty?

THE REV. FREDERICK D. HAYES.

The First Church in Belfast
Belfast, Me.

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Seeing Things

NEW TALENTS AND ARTHUR MILLER

PERHAPS it is not without significance that no cheese was mentioned in connection with Emerson's mouse-trap. Or, for that matter, in connection with the book or the sermon accompanying it in the aphorism.

The requirement in each case was not even for excellence. It was merely for superiority; for better work than a man's neighbor produces. This was all that was needed to send the world beating a path, even through the woods, to the door of the writer, the preacher, or the mouse-trap manufacturer in question. It still is. The reception accorded Arthur Miller's "All My Sons"* proves this once again.

There is a notion which might die for lack of factual nourishment if only people did not want to believe in it. It insists that publishers and producers discourage fresh talent; that a hearing for good new work is hard to win; that the desks of writers up and down the land bulge with better books than are printed and better plays than are produced.

That this notion serves a useful purpose no one can deny. It consoles thousands. It supplies the unprinted and the unproduced with a comforting sense of persecution. The untalented rejoice in it, because it permits them to share with geniuses at least the experience of being misunderstood.

The only trouble with such a theory is that it enjoys less than a nodding acquaintance with truth. Of the palpable needs of publishers and producers it takes no notice. That these worthies make their mistakes is beyond dispute. In this respect they are as human as authors. In fairness to them, however, it must be said that their history proves they have been damned far more roundly for what they have accepted than for what they have rejected. Anyone can cite instances of actors, managers, or editors who have erred in turning down this part, that play, or such-and-such a poem and book. But these instances are more conspicuous than typical. As a rule, the sins of commission overwhelmingly outnumber those of omission.

The hunger of publishers and producers for arresting new work is eternal; their search for it incessant. Their tragedy is that they must do so much of their hunting in what proves to be a desert. Not unnaturally they begin to see mirages. They weary their eyes looking for what is not there. Their hope gets the better of their judgment. In their desperation, when they find a sparrow, they persuade themselves it is an eagle.

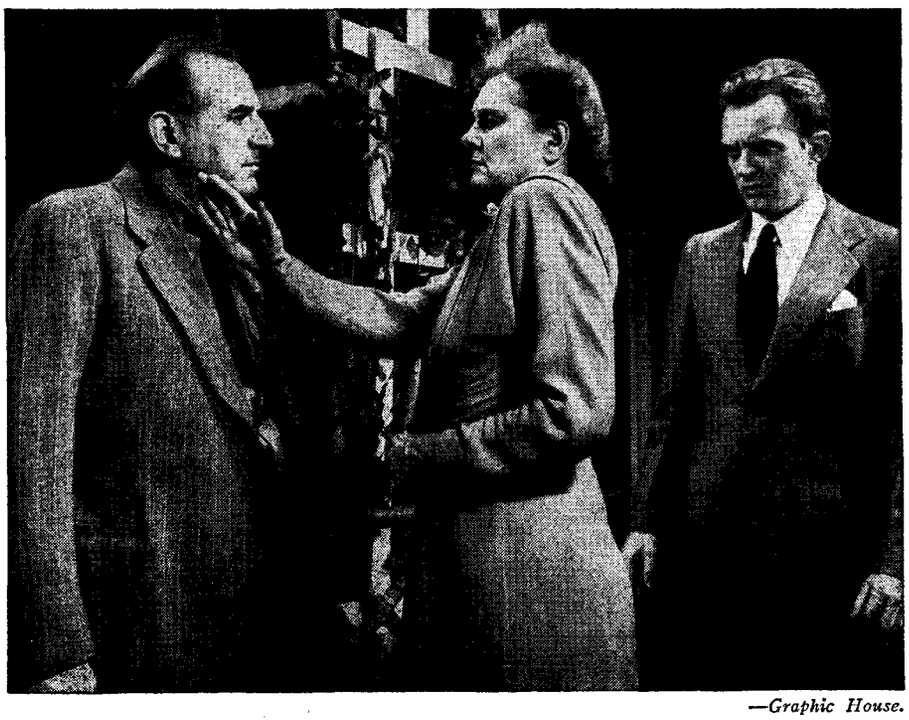
The same theory which pictures the road to publishing or production as being lined with pillboxes ready to fire upon any promising new talent is also fond of depicting New York as a hard-boiled town, a city which feeds on failures. My own guess would be that the reverse is true.

Manhattan dotes on successes. It prizes nothing more than a new hit, a new headliner, a new "must." It likes to have many more lions around than its zoos can house. Fickle it may be but receptive it certainly is. Although its heart can be arctic, its arms are always outstretched. The manufacture of national celebrities is one of its most booming industries. The more of these there are on hand, the prouder —hence the happier—the city is. It turns them out almost on an assembly line, often with more enthusiasm than justification.

To be sure, a New York season is marked by its daily hangings. These, however, are poorly attended. What the whole island rejoices in is a coronation, regardless of whether the crownee is legitimate or a pretender. Even the reviewers, supposedly the unwanted offspring of so many hard-hearted Hannahs, are never happier than when they have something to salute which justifies their profession. "A critic," said Huneker, "is a man who believes in miracles." What keeps him going is the hope that the next book read, the next play seen, will be that miracle. A critic is also something of a barnacle. As such, he would far rather be attached to the keel of the *Queen Elizabeth* than the bottom of a rowboat.

IF most of us, interested in the stage, have felt somewhat happier of late about the theatre's prospects, we have Arthur Miller to thank for this. Mr. Miller's play may be as lacking in final excellence as was Emerson's mouse-trap. It may even exceed the wise specifications of Concord's Sage and include its slices of cheese. But in "All My Sons" young Mr. Miller has built a "better" play than most of his neighbors this season. This is enough to explain why theatregoers have beaten a path to his door.

The faults of "All My Sons" are easy to locate. But to my way of thinking they do not matter nearly so much as the play's virtues. Chief among these



—*Graphic House.*

With "All My Sons" Arthur Miller "takes his place as one of the few post-war playwrights whose next work will be waited for with eager anticipation."

* *ALL MY SONS, a play by Arthur Miller. Staged by Elia Kazan. Setting by Mordecai Gorelik. Presented by Harold Clurman, Elia Kazan, and Walter Fried in association with Herbert H. Harris. With a cast including Beth Merrill, Arthur Kennedy, Ed Begley, Lois Wheeler, Karl Malden, etc. At the Coronet Theatre.*

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is its blazing emotionalism. As everyone has had to agree, Mr. Miller is not afraid of big scenes. He pulls no punches in telling how a son, home from the war, learns that his brother met his death in the Pacific because their father was a profiteer who turned out defective airplane parts which cost the lives of twenty-one pilots.

Although Mr. Miller's climaxes are angry and anguishing, their power comes from quite another source than his willingness to let his characters shout. Long before his people explode, their inner tensions make themselves felt.

When first we meet them, his characters seem to be a fairly relaxed lot. A Sunday morning quiet is upon them as they stroll into the backyard of the Keller home in a Midwestern town. At the outset the Kellers appear to be as happy as a family can be that is living on a false hope. The anguish of uncertainty is upon them. They know that one of their sons—the flier—is missing. For two long years they have refused to believe he could be dead.

Little by little, however, we learn that this myth to which they subscribe is not the real explanation of their sorrow. In the oldest Ibsen sense, the Kellers are living a lie, only in their case it is a lie within a lie. The myth of their son's possible return is merely the means his parents have chosen to protect themselves from facing the real cause of his death. This, of course, is the profiteer father himself; a little man who has lied his way out of jail by putting the blame on an underling.

As Mr. Miller develops this situation, it is easy enough to detect the shortcomings in his play. Plainly "All My Sons" is more involved than it needs to be. Effective as it is when seen, its central theme seems somewhat false and unresolved in retrospect. There are times, too, when Mr. Miller overdresses the phrasing of his dialogue; when, on the lips of those who are supposed to utter them, his sudden literary lines are as out of place as evening clothes on the streets at noon.

No less evidently, Mr. Miller is a young man who has not found himself completely. At least he has not found himself to the extent of forgetting what his masters have taught him. The doctor who wanders into his play as a neighbor is straight Chekhov. He has been extradited from "The Three Sisters." For those misguided enough to feel bright when their appreciation has stopped with spotting influences, the Ibsen touches are also frequent. Mr. Miller sets his characters to spiritual stripteasing in the Master Builder's fashion. Like Ib-

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sen he begins in the middle of things working backwards in the revelation of past climaxes only to rush forward to a new climax of his own. He shares the Norwegian's fondness for symbolism, too. The broken apple tree, planted in memory of the missing pilot, is from the outset a reminder of this. So is the neighbor who searches the stars for the dead son's horoscope.

IT is foolish, however, to expect young authors to write without having been influenced. Writers, like everyone else, must have their gods. What matters is the taste and sense shown in choosing them. What matters still more is the extent to which young authors manage to stake their claims on what they have borrowed and put to their original uses methods they may have adapted from others.

This is precisely what Mr. Miller succeeds in doing in "All My Sons." His own voice can be heard, rising strong and clear, above all those other voices. He has something to say which is very much his own, and he says it in his own way. The fervor of his convictions is as uncommon in our theatre as is the heat of his writing. Both are welcome.

Mr. Miller is not creating horror for horror's sake, as the technically more adroit Miss Hellman is doing in "Another Part of the Forest." He is creating horror for the most valid of reasons. He is endeavoring to relate the world of business here to that outside world of target areas and uncommercial values with which it has little in common. He does this by establishing characters who remain as complex as people are. This is why one sits engrossed before his play, regardless of its crudities or immaturities. Encouragingly enough, his script suffers from the prodigality of his talent rather than a lack of them. The excesses of his writing may be regrettable, but they are signs of power, not weakness. And this strength is of a fierce, life-sprung sort all too rare in our present theatre.

Mr. Miller has been fortunate in the production his play has been given. Elia Kazan has staged it with unerring sensitivity. Mordecai Gorelik's setting is perfect in its definition of class and locale. Ed Begley as the elder Keller, Arthur Kennedy as his outraged son, Karl Malden as the infuriated son of the victim of Mr. Keller's villainy, and, above all, Beth Merrill, who plays the half-crazed Mrs. Keller with a wonderful intensity, would distinguish any company. Nonetheless, Mr. Miller's contribution to the evening stands out.

So far as promising new dramatists are concerned, our theatre and Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard have had much in common for some seasons now. But Mr. Miller gives us hope. He takes his place, along with Harry Brown and Arthur Laurents, as one of the few post-war playwrights whose next work will be waited for with eager anticipation. That Mr. Miller is no flash-in-the-pan anyone must know who has read "Focus," his brilliant and powerful novel about anti-Semitism. It is a simpler, hence more compelling, proof of his skill than is even "All My Sons." Yet both of them in their different ways, and certainly the two of them when considered together, point to the emergence of an author blessed with gifts that the theatre and the novel can use to their advantage.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 193

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 193 will be found in the next issue.

FRE QXWIQ KCEC NEWLWQX

FUY, UGB XCUELQ FD FUY

FRE ACG. —QUARCZ UEGFZB.

—BCULX FD GCZQFG.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 192

He was like a cock who thought the sun had risen to hear him crow.
GEORGE ELIOT
"Adam Bede."

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ARE WE MEN OR ARE WE LEMMINGS?

(*Continued from page* 10)

is often pointed out that a book-club adoption increases the sale of the adopted title, but it is usually forgotten that the publishers give up a part of their market by yielding to the book clubs a market which they could exploit directly if they combined in groups. For though the book clubs increase the market for individual titles, they decrease the original publisher's market for all titles. The net result is more books sold, but fewer books sold by the publisher. By accepting a contract and a fee for submitting books, the publisher would become an acknowledged partner of the book club, which in fact he is.

The publisher has extended his field through creative promotion and cooperation with new agencies of popular appeal. He needs an element of control over it. Where he aims the gun, he must be allowed to pull the trigger.

The interdependence of the publisher and the agencies that live by him is not in itself a reason for his extraction of a royalty from those agencies. The great reason is that most publishing houses live by this service. They have not always done so, but the fact that they have made a place for those who service their market by special means has made them increasingly dependent on those agencies.

Swag, as we have seen, is not to be judged by personal fortune alone. When publishers begin to search the China Sea for manuscripts, I begin to think they are making too much money. That is where ordinary overhead stops and Hollywood overhead takes over. If we are going to make the bold gesture of combing the Antarctic for a life of Anatole France by a king penguin, we are going to have to pay for it by founding the Little Fiends Book Club on the slogan, "Perversion doesn't pay" (except maybe the publisher). I know of publishers who have given advances to king penguins. Some mild astringent action would be good. But the proper agency to administer the curb is not the Egg-Layers' Union of Antarctica.

As a matter of fact, the ornithologists tell us that the king penguin is devoting fewer and fewer hours to egg-laying and will presently be extinct. But analogy can be carried too far. What has really happened is that the big book boom has spoiled the trade from top to bottom—spoiled it and tired it. Like the spoiled and tired child, it is now behaving badly.

The writer cannot set up a central agency that will manage his affairs for him, asking him no questions, leaving him no responsibility, only keeping him rich through barren years and supporting him in the eclipse of old age. That is a condition which does not occur 'twixt heaven and the womb. If such an agency is set up, it will tend to break up the present desirable integration of the publishing trade and create an inclination toward staff-written books. All this will do the world of literature little good.

At the top of both trades there is an inclination to be money-drunk. Who now is to be the judge of sobriety? That seems to me to be a function of the agent. Too great a success too quick, too much publicity, can sterilize the writer; it can render the publisher lazy and irresponsible. The agent is somewhat in the position of

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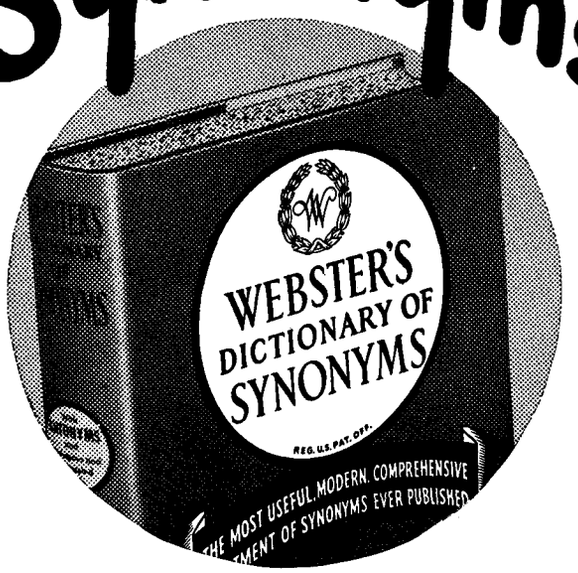

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an investment counselor. He can do much to advise the author as to when the publisher is properly performing his part, and he can do much to temper the sterile elation of an author who has become famous overnight. The agent should see that the publisher does sell the author in the right place, at the right time, with a just enthusiasm. As one considers the agent's true function, it seems as if his ten per cent were inelastic. He well might make more on his first serial sale in which the publisher's promotion plays a smaller part, and he perhaps deserves a reverse sliding scale on the proceeds of book publication. This scale might at first be more than ten per cent and later less. It also would increase his responsibility if contracts were made renegotiable at the end of the first copyright period. He should be better informed on the legal side of his field than he is. The agent is a counselor as much as he is an agent. He should be so called.

There yet remains the bookseller, who has asked little and perhaps thought not enough. There is a common belief that books came down in the world when they started selling at the corner drugstore. It was in fact a triumph for the book to be able to compete in such fast-moving company. There is much advertising of books, but there is very little information as to just where you can buy them. Co-operative advertising as between bookstore and publisher would end this situation, and a book could be advertised as for sale at 1875 Main Street. This would increase the effectiveness of book advertising and particularly of the local medium, and it could be extended to local radio stations. For the local agency is able to judge the power of local advertising.

The fissures in the trade are horizontal as well as vertical. Union organization cross-hatches the trade from the bottom to the near top. And unions are sometimes directed from the outside by people who do not feel the allegiance to the main purpose of good publishing that everyone within the trade does feel in some degree. It is the old evil of absentee control of responsibility too far from action.

Any disagreement between writers, agents, publishers, and the bookmakers and booksellers would not be a struggle between the meanly treated many and the munificently treated few. It would be carried on by the big-shots, and in the long run would be apt to be for their benefit. It would be a contest over the right to dispose of that corpus delecti, the literary work, and the right to commit the murder in the first place. It would be a struggle between fat men for a custard pie. The writer who has never written, the agent who has never sold a title, the publisher who has never published, the bookseller who has not yet sold a book—they are the poor and needy of the trade. From the writer to the bookseller, the good book that does not sell easily needs support. No argument between the man who runs the typewriter and the man who runs the linotype will help the best book to get the best sale. That is the whole trade's responsibility. It is as important as good food for hospitals and good milk for babies; and those who wrangle over lesser issues must never lose sight of this final purpose all of us must serve. Only the pen can save us from the sword.

True democracy is the breeder of ambition. In a state where any boy can be president, everyone who is not, is, in some tendril of his personality, unsatisfied. That is democracy's problem and its glory. That is what makes it great, and it will be what destroys it if some sort of answer to the problem is not found. If the answer is not found in the book trade, it is unlikely to be found at all. I think that most of us know now that that answer must lie along lines of a broader diffusion of responsibility, diversity of opportunity, a universal pride in accomplishment, and a decreasing spread in the variations of money return. The subject is too broad for this article; it is not too broad for a creative handling by the trade as a whole. Who among us has a full-time employee whose duty it is to direct such a program?

Thus far our wrangling is without moral purpose; if we quarrel, it is as lemmings. We have fed too well and so must quarrel. The surplus that exists in the trade at the moment might be used for books that are world savers. If we, the lemmings that lead the column, cease our march upon the sea, then those behind may also halt, and we will be the first to understand that we are moved by a vestigial instinct and an excess of blubber that can grease nobler wheels than those of destruction.

Lovell Thompson's wit is distinctly his own even if he looks like G. B. S.—fifty years ago. He has just surveyed English publishing for Houghton Mifflin as vice president, director, and trade department head.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
A HALO FOR NOBODY *Henry Kane* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Peter Chambers, N. Y. private investigator, hired to solve slaying of jeweler's wife, climbs successive corpses to "top-of-the-mountain" killer.	Seething mixture of babes, bullets, and bourbon. Intelligent writing, vital people—and plot so devilishly complicated it demands one-sitting reading.	Brilliant blutwurst
DEATH OF A DOLL *Hilda Lawrence* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50)	Terror - stricken new guest at Hope House, N.Y., home for working girls, jumps or is pushed from window. Mark East investigates.	Unsurpassed for suspense, chills, character portrayal, humor, and painstaking, believable detecting . . . even if author should pay special "with - holding" tax.	Superfine
P. MORAN, OPERATIVE *Percival Wilde* (Random House: $2.50)	Seven exploits of Pete Moran, Dumb Deductor, who studies detection by mail, makes all possible errors, but somehow gets his man.	Connecticut chauffeur-sleuth's letters to Correspondence School "Chief Inspector" and replies add bright, hilarious note to dour records of crime.	Rib-tickler
THE SLEEPING SPHINX *John Dickson Carr* (Harpers: $2.50)	Problematical suicide of distracted English wife "mentally upsets" her sister and gives Dr. Gideon Fell some parlous moments.	Floating coffins, sinister masks of famous murderers, and similar sure-fire trappings give extra punch to subtle mystery characteristically unraveled.	Grade A
THE LAST OF PHILIP BANTER *John Franklin Bardin* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Alcoholic ad-exec. driven to desperation and death by damning before-fact "confessions" he can't recall writing. Psychiatrist cracks case.	Actions of neurotic lot of characters hold interest despite ponderous pages of palpable psychiatric padding. Even doctor "detective" seems slightly nuts.	Curious

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NEW EDITIONS

R. H. TAWNEY'S "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism" (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75) should prove interesting reading for anyone who cherishes the idea that economic individualism is a condition of affairs founded on natural laws, blessed by God, and only recently disturbed by bureaucratic meddlers. First written and delivered as a series of Holland Memorial Lectures in 1922, this historical study traces the gradual and complex process by which the medieval conception of property, as formulated by Popes and Fathers and elaborated by Schoolmen, was supplanted by the modern conception of property, as enunciated by Locke.

According to the old view, property was a fund held in trust for the good of the whole community; according to the new, it might be exploited by the individual owner with an eye fixed solely on individual profit. According to the older theory, the mere fact that economic affairs were part of the whole activity of man made them inevitably subject to the supervision and control of religion, which presumably was in command of the entire human hierarchy of values and actions. According to the newer theory, the pursuit of economic self-interest was piously identified with the operations of providence. At no time, of course, did vulgar practice coincide with pure theory. Man has been egotistical, selfish, and greedy in every age, and he was so even in the Age of Faith. But when he loaned money at interest, bought cheap and sold dear, took advantage of a monopoly, beat down a fair price, rack-rented, or indulged in any other piece of sharp business, he could be sure, and was sure, down to the middle of the seventeenth century, that he was acting in a manner abhorrent to the best thought of his day. Later he could and did identify such activities with industry, thrift, and foresight; and identify these in turn with Christian qualities. "What is significant," writes Mr. Tawney, "is the change of standards which converted a natural frailty into a resounding virtue."

It is this change that he illumines, examines, and explains, with due regard for the part played by Protestant and Puritan thought. But, although he fully recognizes the importance of this part, his book is at once a criticism and a corrective of Max Weber's famous thesis which holds Calvinism and English Puritanism to be preponderant factors in the creation of conditions favorable to capitalism. "Both 'the capitalist spirit' and 'Protestant ethics' were a good deal more complex than Weber seems to imply," Mr. Tawney assures us. On these complexities he brings to bear intelligence and genuine learning, and it is seldom that real learning is made as pleasantly acceptable.

William Faulkner's "The Sound and the Fury" and "As I Lay Dying" have been brought together to fill one Modern Library volume ($1.10), while Henry James's "The Wings of the Dove" plumply fills another all by itself. The Faulkner tales are both tricky pieces of writing, and the wilful confusion of the first—particularly the section in which the author seeks to view events through the mind of an inarticulate idiot—is probably indefensible. But there is power enough in both to animate the tricks; perhaps even enough to reduce them finally to insignificance. Heaven knows we must forgive James enough faults for the sake of his virtues, even while reading a masterpiece of his maturity. We forgive him when he ceases to be sensitive and subtle and becomes merely tedious. We forgive his self-conscious toying with colloquialisms. And we forgive him such speeches as this, addressed by Milly to Mrs. Strigham: "What was it that, in New York, on the ninth, when you saw him alone, Dr. Fitch said to you?"

Those who love Trollope will find him well off his beat in "Nina Balatka" and "Linda Tressel," reprinted together in The World's Classics (Oxford, $1.10). His knowledge of English life and character, and his unfailingly humorous view of them, make plot unimportant in his best novels. But when he goes to Prague and Nuremburg, he goes as a tourist, relies on plot, and overworks single situations. . . . In "Ashenden, or the British Agent" (World Publishing Co., 49c.) Somerset Maugham's famous *alter ego* strolls between new covers with the old deftly narrated adventures, various enough to include His Excellency's story—a tale that has nothing to do with espionage. . . . A spy book of a different sort is "Drink to Yesterday" (Bantam, 25c), by Manning Coles, an amiably improbable yarn which constantly promises more than it delivers, although sustaining interest.

BEN RAY REDMAN.

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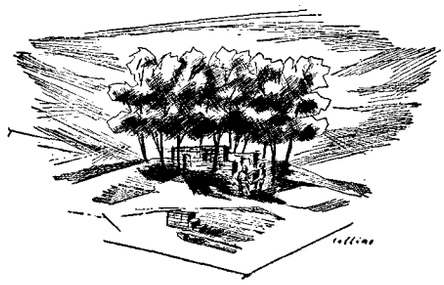
Strange Soil and Some Who Till It

STRANGE SEED. By Kenneth L. Patton. Omaha: Automatic Printing Co. 1946. 71 *pp.* $1.50.

FIGURE AND LANDSCAPE. By Emma Sahler Dakin. New York: Fine Editions Press. 1946. 32 *pp.* $1.50.

ASIATIC STATION. By Cloyd Mann Criswell. Prairie City, Ill.: Decker. 1946. 94 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by STARR NELSON



KENNETH L. Patton, exponent of religious humanism, turns to lyric verse in this his third book devoted to the clarification of the principles of "natural" religion as opposed to the "supernaturalistic." Humanism presupposes "an advancing maturity" in the minds of its followers, practising or potential, and an advancing maturity is what we do find in this sheaf of lyrics. The poems, numbered I to XCIII, often very brief, sometimes in free verse, sometimes in conventional patterns, sing of the human entity and its farings-forth from itself—usually in the direction of natural objects or toward the nearest or dearest other human entity—in an effort to chart the mystical course common to all entities; or if not that, at least to illuminate to some degree the territory all must traverse. Though it cannot be said that the course is clearly chartered here, or even that the illumination is more than fitful, nevertheless an interesting beginning has been made, and even the fitful gleam is of value to travelers in this landscape. I do not want to give the impression that this is esoteric poetry! Its essence is the reverse of esoteric. In general the poems have a Blakean simplicity. Indeed, some of them are too self-consciously ingenuous, as:

> I am a little child
> walking the land.
> Time is a lion
> eating from my hand.

—a fragment typical of that poetry in the volume which proclaims its relationship (spiritual if not genetic) to the "Songs of Innocence." Mr. Patton's own songs of experience embrace maturity, but cannot do so full circle—and we can be glad that this is so:

> It was a circle, or so he thought,
> until he came back to what
> he knew was where he started,
> and found the circle's edge had parted,
> and what the journey had brought
> him was position on a spiral.

And the poet's next step? But that, saith the critic, is a foregone conclusion!

In Emma Sahler Dakin's "Figure and Landscape" the landscape is that of man's ancient classic world of myth and history—the temples of Greece, the Etrurian hills, the Nile, Judea, Tintagel. The shapes that people this landscape are the shades of Orestes and Agamemnon, of Cassandra and Isabel, of the dancing figures of Arcadia ("Children of the dawn!"). The poet's style and language are "poetic" in the conventional sense of the word, and for readers whose minds reject tougher fibre in their intellectual fare this slim volume will make an ideal gift. Bearing a memorial dedication, and containing a foreword by David Morton, its format is exquisite in every detail.

In sharp contrast to the above volume is "Asiatic Station," by Cloyd Mann Criswell. This is the kind of thing that makes book reviewing an adventure! The book measures only 4½ x 6½ inches, designed no doubt for the pocket of a peajacket; and the type is correspondingly small and none too clear, and the price is a full two dollars. It would be a pity if the book failed to reach a wide audience, for it is a book of genuinely good poetry. I do not know whether or not this is Mr. Criswell's first book. I have no information regarding him except what he reveals in his poems —though this, while never too much, is sufficient. Before he proceeds to the significant landscape of his book—the "Asiatic Station"—he gives us his background: boy tilting at "giants in the gravel" in the schoolyard at recess, boy hunting the blue kingfisher's nest, boy walking his father's fields in the night, in the early morning snow, in rain and wind—always looking, looking for something and finding something at last that he can hold fast to—the spirit of his fathers singing to him in the barren trees. Next, the youth discovering other people outside himself—the friend, the neighbor, the loved one—and finding his world again through their eyes. With Part II of the book and the poem "Air Strip at Taking Off" he is ready, both as poet and person, for the crucible from which he is to emerge a mature and fully realized human being.

Criswell is as successful in his delineation of other human beings as he is in his expression of his own being. As a matter of fact, having reached the "Asiatic Station" he quits "expressing himself" altogether. Caught in that alternating current of violence and apathy, of stepped-up living and dying that was World War II, he once more finds himself—on a broader scale this time—in others. In the See Bee smudging "Wuthering Heights"; in boys asleep in "the narrow glen"; in the "Sea Captain" (an unforgettable portrait); in all the tired, tough, sweaty, swearing, God-forsaken men and officers and natives with whom he shares life from day to day. Mean life, and life's moments of beauty and revelation too, for even here such moments occur—as in "Gold Archipelago," "Moonlight: Lorengau," and "Rainbow on the Lagoon." There is a turn in many of these poems that is singularly Frostian. I say "singularly," for nothing could be farther from the Frostian scene than the exotic and blood-stained sea-island jungles of "Asiatic Station." Yet surely "No One Picked the Orchids" was written by a young Frost in young Criswell's jungle boots! Criswell, let me add, has a healthy respect for his craft.

And there is not a phony attitude, or a phony phrase or word, in his book. His is not a soaring imagination. He hasn't emotional intensity in the fine excess that great poetry needs as fire needs fuel. There is no verbal sorcery in his lines. The touch of wildness is lacking. Yet somehow, almost unconsciously, almost by a reverse twist, he is able to translate death into life—as in the poem "Morale," where, among the native boys busily digging up the graves of marines,

> . . . with a white
> Surf breaking on the beach beyond.
> "This spot,"
> The young guard said, lifting an arm to wipe
> His face, "will be a baseball field.
> It's hot!"
> Then, absently, "Those bodies sure are ripe."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Olga Treskovna, in "The Miracle of the Bells," by Russell Janney. 2. Victor Joppolo, in "A Bell for Adano," by John Hersey. 3. Pedro, in "Why the Chimes Rang," by Raymond MacDonald Alden. 4. Bessie, in "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," by Rose Hartwick Thorpe. 5. Sir Ralph the Rover, in "The Inchcape Rock," by Robert Southey. 6. Quasimodo, in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," by Victor Hugo. 7. Tinker Bell, in "Peter Pan," by James Barrie. 8. Atri, in "The Bell of Atri," by Henry W. Longfellow. 9. Heinrich, in "The Sunken Bell," by Gerhart Hauptmann. 10. Dick Whittington, in legend.

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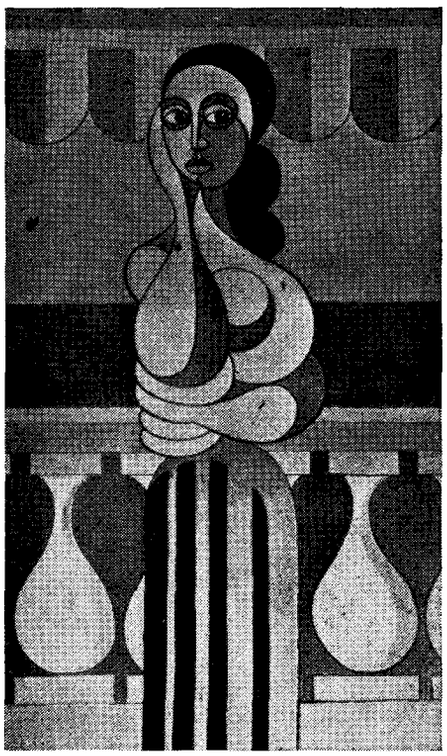
THE FINE ARTS

SECOND LOOK AT PARIS

IN 1945 the Whitney Museum of American Art graciously opened its galleries to foreign painters and sculptors exiled to this country by the war and other causes. Now it is holding an exhibition of the painters who remained in France, with particular emphasis on the newer men. The show was not assembled by the staff of the Whitney Museum, but was entirely the responsibility of a committee, mainly French. We do not know enough about recent Parisian painting as yet—at least I do not—to say whether the examples chosen are first-quality works by these artists. But the exhibition is large, and seems quite comprehensive as to the names included, and we owe the Whitney a great debt for bringing it here. Yet I must immediately add that the contents of the exhibition confirm, with exceptions, the gloomy view of the new Paris school expressed in this column last fall. I do want to repeat, however, that it is absurdly early to turn thumbs down irrevocably on the postwar French generation. For Paris is an old gladiator, and has seemed groggy before, only to arise and beat the stuffing out of a yawning opposition.

The exhibition opens on a level which accentuates its later decline in authority. In the front hall are paintings by the modern masters: Bonnard, Matisse, Rouault, Picasso, and Braque. They are not all major examples, but that is not the point. The point is that these men—especially Bonnard, Matisse, and Picasso—have formed many of the younger artists. Time and again throughout the show, one is offered a brave mixture of Picasso's spirits and the superlative grenadine of Bonnard or Matisse. The recipe is served in its original proportions by André Lhote and in modified guise by a number of his juniors. Bernard Dorival, curator of the National Museum of Modern Art in Paris, argues in an eloquent foreword that this is the best potion available for the young, and reminds us that Paolo Uccello, Andrea del Castagno, and Piero della Francesca evolved a supreme art by following Masaccio instead of repudiating him. The historical warning is apt and salutary, but it does not seem conclusive in the present case for two reasons: first, painting over the past two hundred years has usually progressed by a zig-zag course of reaction and counterreaction rather than by emulating the more patient and steady evolution of Renaissance art; second, the mid-fifteenth-century descendants of Masaccio were men of decisive personality, who could afford to listen precisely because they had so much to say themselves. And at one point in the Whitney exhibition you come upon a glaring, if by no means unique, indication of a fundamental lack of conviction among the younger French artists. Picasso's "Seated Woman with Yellow Robe," in the front hall, shows a figure whose blouse is painted with uncanny liveliness and plasticity. In a side gallery André Fougeron's "Child with Footstool" offers a comparable technique—a brisk, foreshortened contour in the handling of the chair, an agitated, slashing surface for the wicker seat—but his picture is mild, feeble, and contrived, whereas Picasso's is excited, bold, and hardy.



—Léon Gischia's "Woman at the Balustrade."

Léon Gischia, a disciple of Léger, belongs "to the eclectic school stemming from Matisse and Picasso."

In addition to Fougeron, the much discussed painters Léon Gischia, André Marchand, Edouard Pignon, and

Dear Dorothy Sayers:

It says here, in the newspaper, that you think detective stories are done for—or in. (Fancy you agreeing with Edmund Wilson!) Maybe you'll change your mind when you've read Thomas Kyd's new sleuth story, **BLOOD OF VINTAGE.**

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Gabriel Robin all belong to the eclectic school stemming from Matisse and Picasso. Of these only Marchand seems to me to have a memorable strength and a certain easy familiarity with medium. Gischia is a friend and disciple of Léger. His paintings are close in spirit to the recent figure pieces of a more talented younger artist, Jean Hélion, whose return to recognizable subject matter was hailed on 57th Street several years ago as a death blow to abstraction, as though Léger himself hadn't broken away from abstract art twenty-five years before in almost exactly the same way—by reintroducing figures in a flat, cylindrical, posterish style. Pignon and Robin are struggling to evolve something personal out of the lessons of the School of Paris, but appear caught on the horns of a very old dilemma—whether the function of painting is to beguile the eye (Matisse) or to give emotional shock as well (Picasso). Some of the other artists, however, mix their wolfsbane without ice cubes, that is, they follow the *fauve* tradition and underplay more abstract developments. Jules Cavailles, Jacques Despierre, and François Desnoyer paint with blaring colors and considerable skill, but somehow their pictures have the look of emptiness, of fervent recitation in a deserted hall, which characterizes so much of recent American expressionist painting.

Perhaps the most important influence today, apart from the giants of the School of Paris, is that of Jacques Villon, who became a cubist as long ago as 1912, who has remained faithful to the ideal of abstraction, and who has inspired some of the neocubists of today—Bazaine, Manessier, Singier, Van Velde. Villon is now greatly revered in Paris, and his followers at least have the distinction of having made up their minds: they do not combine earlier, conflicting tendencies; they reassert the validity of cubism, though the question remains whether they are a claque for the past or an insurgent band. I think they do better in any case than the dwindling number of artists influenced by André Derain. Among these is Jean Oberlé, deriving in "The Flower Seller" from the Derain of the 1920's who looked like a master and, alas, was not. Still, Derain did partly account fifteen years ago for the forceful young artist Balthus, and now Balthus's ferocious realism reappears in the painting of André Civet. And Maurice Utrillo leads to Léon-Alphonse Quizet, though Quizet's supporters will assure you they are nothing alike, in the manner of parents insisting on differences between almost identical children.

Pablo Picasso's "Seated Woman with Yellow Robe" shows a figure . . . "painted with uncanny liveliness and plasticity . . ."

Pierre Roy continues to paint the tasteful fantasies once described as "surrealist," but now the blood has gone out of them, and they wear the exaggerated make-up of the funeral parlor. Surrealism itself, however, remains a live force for a few younger painters. Félix Labisse's two pictures, with their handsome, sleek surfaces and eager lyricism, belong to the Belgian strain of René Magritte and Paul Delvaux, while Lucien Coutaud has adopted the spiky forms of Dominguez and Paallen, his immediate predecessors.

HOW can French artists of today escape the domination of established modern trends? They can do so, of course, by maintaining a childlike innocence, as in the case of the venerable primitive André Bauchant. But they cannot pretend innocence, and when a very young artist like Dany tries it, the result reminds us of that dubious period in the life of D. H. Lawrence when the great writer imagined himself a painter. A second method of rejuvenation is to look to earlier and/or foreign traditions. Goerg has attempted this in the most surprising about-face in the exhibition, by immersing himself in the fantasy of Hieronymus Bosch; Bernard Lorjou has tried it by reviving sixteenth-century Mannerism, though less successfully than our own Franklin Watkins; Jean Bertholle has combined surrealism with the expressionism of Max Beckmann. None of this crossbreeding seems particularly successful.

In the end it is really only talent that counts, as the good artists themselves keep telling us over the centuries. And in the exhibition is a wondrous small canvas by Christian Bérard, an artist reviled by many serious critics because of his dandyism,

. . . André Fougeron's "Child with Foot Stool" uses "a comparable technique . . . but his picture is mild, feeble, and contrived."

his devotion to the world of fashion, his sophistication and luxury. But while these social objections are understandable, they would rule out of the history of art a number of estimable figures—Watteau, Fragonard, Gavarni, Guys, Beardsley, to mention only a few. The real point about Bérard is that he paints with rare and altogether personal sensitivity, so that in future years, when way of life may count less for an artist's reputation than inborn gifts, I think he will emerge as an important man. A companion of Bérard in the old *Académie Ranson* was Léonid. What a good, simple, heartfelt painter he is! Year after year he paints the same warm seascapes, always more assured in tone and light, never pretending to achieve something bold or grand, but working eloquently and well. He and Yves Tanguy stand a little apart in our time in their devotional steadiness and respect for purity of expression. Then there is Maurice Brianchon, whose "Still Life with Red Carpet" is out of Bonnard but out of himself as well, serenely fine. And Francis Grüber is vigorous, convinced, and new, and paints with the obsessive impetus so lacking in the exhibition as a whole, though present in Terechkovitch's figure piece. Finally, there is the very young painter Mario Prassinos. One of his pictures seemed discouraging at first glance because in it appears the light bulb from Picasso's "Guernica" (will that bulb never burn out?). But then one realizes that decided talent is breaking through in Prassinos's works, promising and unafraid.

Bless the Whitney for giving us a chance to see an exhibition we badly needed to see.

JAMES THRALL SOBY.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
BACH, ARIAS (Cantatas #12, #81, #112; Christmas Oratorio; St. Matth. Passion). Marion Anderson; Victor Chamber Orch. Robert Shaw. Victor M 1087 (3) $3.85	Splendid balance and perspective between solo voice, solo instrs, orchestra, continuo. Congrats to Victor.	A to B— (defects)	(*See below*) Welcome to more authentic Bach,from a major company! Anderson is unusually good in this exacting music; minimum of swoops, slurs, strain; much ease.
MOZART, VIOLIN SONATAS K. 378, B flat; K. 296, C; K. 379, G. Alex. Schneider, violin, Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord. Columbia M 650 (6) $6.85	Very heavy recording, may buzz some pick-ups. Fine balance (better than any concert hall allows). Harps. correctly metallic, thanks to recorded "highs."	A	Another "authentic" album of great interest. Throws much light on Mozart's intentions in this music—M. fans will be amazed at wholly new timbres, rich texture—in place of familiar (unauthentic) piano etheriality!
MAHLER, HAT DIES LIEDLEIN GEDACHT. FRANZ, ZWEI WELKE ROSEN. Mary Paull; K. Hieber, pf. Vanguard #3 (1 10")	Excellent recording job; clarity, good balance.	A—	Another new company: intelligent, clear rendition of two good songs. Mahler is best. Let's have more Paull.
SCHUMANN, FROM THE "ALBUM FOR THE YOUNG." Marcus Gordon, pf. Gordon records, Vol. a (4 10")	Good piano tone, if somewhat "dead." A slight A.C. hum in background.	A—	An enterprising pianist, markets his own records. Only available recording; well played, though somewhat superficially. (*With Teacher's Manual*)
MORGENSTERN, TOCCATA GUATEMALA. DAVIS, SONG OF WORLDS UNSEEN. Bertha Melnik, pf. Vanguard #2 (1 10")	Another good job of piano recording.	A—	Contrast: Morgenstern a beautifully written trifle: consistent Latin-Am. style; Davis an unfocussed work, too close to academic studies. He should compose much more before publication. (He's 19.)

AUTHENTIC BACH FROM VICTOR

THE best indication yet of the growing trend towards performance of Bach, and indeed any earlier music, in reasonably authentic, non-modernized instrumentation is the new interest shown by the major recording companies. Columbia has taken on Ralph Kirkpatrick (*above*) whose harpsichord for some fifteen years has been progressively moving away from the cliques and the esthetes toward larger and more normal audiences; now Victor issues a memorable album of Bach arias for contralto, featuring at long last a small, properly sized orchestra and even the harpsichord continuo that is now accepted as a necessity in all instrumental ensemble music of Bach's time. It is heartening, in a way, that Victor makes no special fuss over its new-style Bach. The "unusual" (i.e. correct) size of the orchestra is not particularly noted and the harpsichord is not even mentioned. All these innovations are taken for granted as assuredly they should have been long since in a hundred earlier albums.

Even to the uninitiated this album will be an illustration of the unexpected new beauty and richness of Bach's music when played as Bach intended; of the lightness and the clarity, the rich tone color of the solo instruments (no longer drowned in a sea of strings), the tonal highlight and sheen as well as the rhythm added by the harpsichord, and above all the ease with which the vocal solo stands free and yet blends with the vividly surrounding musical tissue. A splendid contrast to the turgid mass-Bach we have been accustomed to—the muddiness, the tonal monotony, the dismal vocal ineffectiveness that we have for so long been blaming on Bach himself.

As a footnote let's add that though perhaps this style of Bach is not for our large concert halls, where its carrying power would be inadequate, it is marvelously suited to recording. It couldn't be better if Bach himself had composed for radio broadcast!

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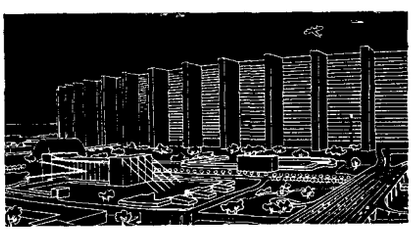

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Despite the myriad stars that load the sky
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The Wandering Jew is between dawn and immortality,
Invisible to the native wild boar and porcupine.
He points to that which is divine, true,
And incredibly beyond Nicea and the mystic rose.

JUDAH M. TURKAT.

* * *

I am glad to print the following tribute to the late Grace Moore by the Wilmington (Delaware) poet David Hudson:

Those of us who knew Grace Moore as the finest lyric soprano of the past ten years, at the Metropolitan, will miss her even more as season follows season, realizing that there is no hope of her returning. Whatever differences of opinion exist concerning this remarkable singer, without a peer in the ranks of our Metropolitan, the intelligent music listener cannot but admire her for her determination to sing "Louise" at the Met, and remember with an utter glow of excitement that great moment in the third act. For those of us she will remain as Ponselle in certain roles, as Bori in others; but she must remain there unsung to the audiences to come, a stranger to them, as Ponselle and Bori are to most opera-goers of today.

Not alone her determination to become a great singer made her great; she persevered, improving both singing and acting capabilities, till she emerged a truly spectacular prima donna. Too much publicity has been played upon her sojourn in the realm of Hollywood, but she learned much while there; not enough attention has been given to the amazing quality of her voice, in its full-throated splendor, its superb powers of resonance, and the ease with which she produced the—gorgeous is the only word for the effect. She was not given ample opportunity of displaying her peculiar gifts at the Metropolitan, a crime of which the Met is guilty with a number of its artists, while giving the "plums" to others vocally unfitted to them.

We were fortunate to have seen her in Montemezzi's "The Love of Three Kings," in a production notable chiefly for her performance, and Pinza's; and much below par in the other singers. Her "Manon" was out of the pages of the Abbé Prévost, and ran counter to the operatic tradition of Massenet's librettists, and as such was a curious commentary upon the delicate swooning Manon of other singers. Tosca in her person swept in and out of the opera; and her voice in the Cantata scene floated in through the window, across the stage, orchestra, out into the auditorium in a magical way.

Now that she is gone, we are perforce doomed never again to hear "Louise," which will doubtless be the role associated with her. In the lass of an unqualifiedly great singer we lose more than a voice, for that voice has become so inextricably a part of our breathing that we shall not rest until we hear it.

* * *

Miss Patricia MacGill of the Bronx starts something with:

> In expectancy of cold weather we have (and have not) been having, I should like to know if any reader can nominate for the honor of being the most frigid line in English poetry, anything to top this, from Keats's "The Eve of St. Agnes" —"The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass."

* * *

THE ATOM

Untamed, he capers to no whip,
A stallion in a sun-spun wreath,
He rears beyond the bridling reach
To kick his captors in the teeth.

SOPHIE HIMMEL.

* * *

A RIPOSTE

So Anonymous doesn't like scientists.
He calls them "those damned atomizers,"
He objects to their noses,
Their specs and their poses.
He thinks they are decivilizers
And good-will-and-peace-reign defiantists.

How devious are his brain's windings,
His vision how badly defective!
Our only reliance,
Our hope, is in science—
Let Anonymous turn his invective
On those who *misuse* its great findings!

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

Continuing his communication about John Stapleton Cowley [*SRL* Feb. 22], Hilton Addison Wick writes:

> Awaiting my turn to have my hairs cut (I once had hair, now I've hairs) I noticed that my tonsorial artist, doubtless because his shop was in the immediate vicinity of Columbia, in lieu of the customary tattered, foxed, and flyblown back numbers of *Esquire* and the *Police Gazette*, had provided a number of old copies of *The Saturday Review*.
>
> Browsing through The Phoenix Nest I rejoiced to find a mention of that shamefully neglected writer of short stories, Harris Merton Lyon.
>
> There are other short story writers shamefully neglected in the pullulating anthologies, containing too much Hemingway, Saroyan, Steinbeck, Sherwood Anderson, and Ben Hecht. Morrow, Alexander Harvey, Emma Frances Dawson, these three, and the greatest of these (*pace* Ambrose Bierce) is Morrow.
>
> Some fifty-three years ago Gertrude Atherton wrote of Morrow, and I quoted her in the article "About W. C. Morrow" that I wrote at Clement Shorter's request in the London *Sketch* June 1898:
>
> > A more dramatic opening to a story has seldom been written than this: "Looking at my friend as he lay upon my bed, with the jeweled knife-handle protruding from his breast, I believed that he was dying. Would the doctor never come?"
>
> This story, "A Peculiar Case in Surgery," is a strong and curious study of a man who lived for years with the blade of a stiletto embedded near his heart. It is a story which once read can never be forgotten, as also are his "The Man from Georgia," "Unusual Conclusion," "A Dangerous Idea," "The Ape and the Idiot."
>
> Alexander Harvey of *Bang* fame wrote some first-class *contes;* I recall "The Toe," "The Golden Rat," "The Frou-Frou." Emma Frances Dawson's tales of the grotesque and arabesque, "An Itinerant House," "The Dramatic in My Destiny," "A Sworn Statement," called forth from Ambrose Bierce this tribute:
>
> > The readers who do not remember them must have minds that are steel to impress and tallow to retain. It is not my custom to set the crown of praise on every head that is presented, but of Miss Dawson I should like to be understood as affirming with whatever of strength resides in forthright sincerity that in all the essential attributes of literary competence she is head and shoulders above any writer on this coast with whose work I have acquaintance. And on this judgment I gladly hazard my small possession and large hope of reputation for literary sagacity.

* * *

And so, to quote from Leon Montenaeken's "Peu de Chose":

La vie est telle
Que Dieu le fit:
Et telle quelle—
Elle suffit!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(Continued from page 33)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 675

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

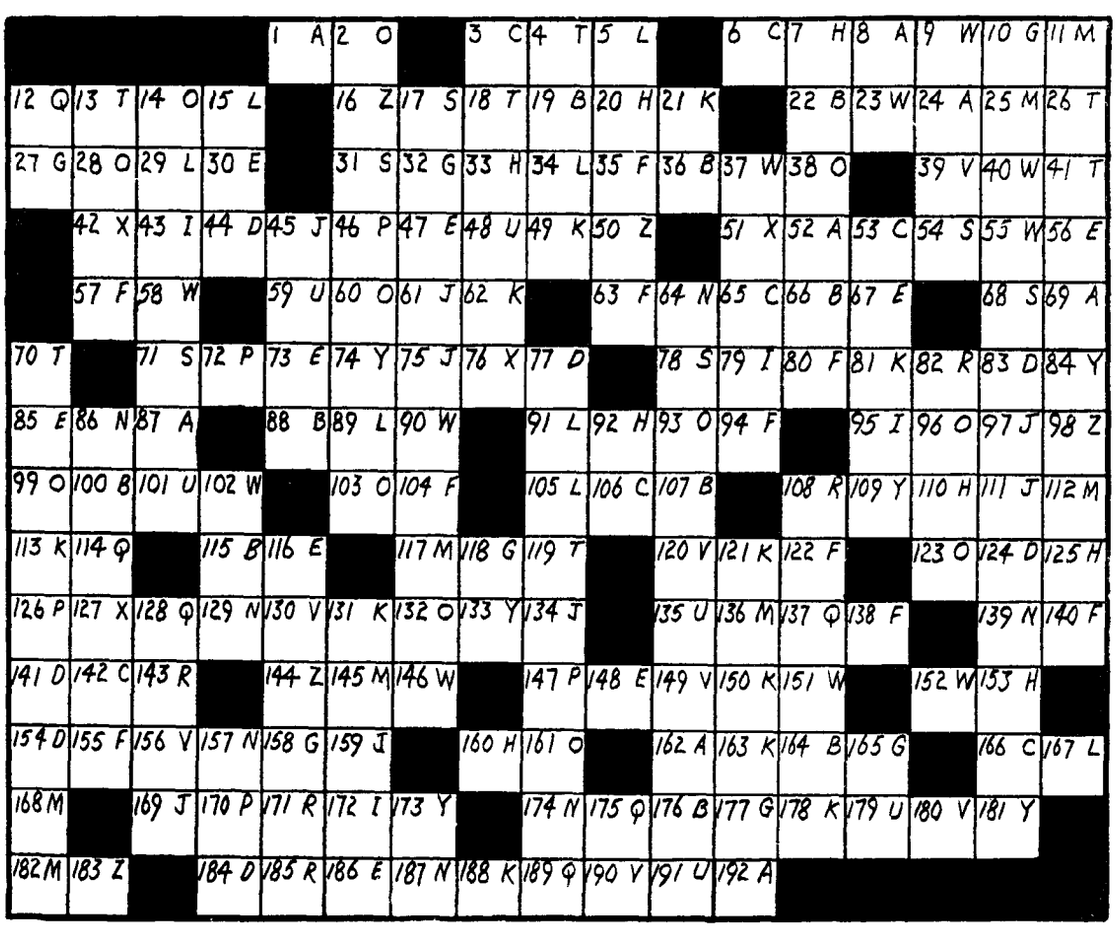
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Indirect (Comp.).	87 1 192 24 162 69 52 8
B. Piled up; collected into a crowd.	176 115 22 100 19 164 66 88 36 107
C. In impulsive haste (Colloq.).	106 65 3 6 53 142 166
D. Selected and taken or approved.	44 141 124 184 154 77 83
E. The chub sucker.	85 30 186 67 148 116 73 47 56
F. With unbroken courage; not in love (Comp.).	138 94 63 140 57 122 155 104 35 80
G. One of the prehistoric, tower-like structures found in Sardinia.	27 177 10 32 158 118 165
H. The shape of iris leaves.	7 125 153 160 110 92 20 33
I. Wholly absorbed or engrossed, as in feelings, meditations, etc.	79 172 95 43
J. An alcoholic liquor more intoxicating than other liquors.	75 97 61 169 134 45 159 111
K. Any crime committed against the sovereign power (Fr.; Law; Comp.).	150 62 21 121 178 49 81 188 113 131 163
L. Exogenous.	29 89 15 167 5 105 34 91
M. Soluble yellow coloring matter found in yellow flowers (Chem.).	25 11 145 117 182 168 136 112

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Reached or touched with an end.	139 64 157 129 187 86 174
O. The song of Simeon, used as a hymn or canticle in many churches (2 wds.).	38 96 2 123 28 60 93 99 103 161 132 14
P. To prepare for cooking or for the table, as a fowl.	170 72 46 147 126
Q. To take by wiles and the like.	114 189 137 175 128 12
R. More boorish or unpolished.	185 82 108 171 143
S. Among orthodox Jews, a canopy for the bride and groom during the wedding ceremony (Heb.).	68 54 78 71 17 31
T. The starting point for races in a stadium (Gr. Antiq.).	26 18 4 119 41 13 70
U. One who whimpers like a young child.	48 191 135 101 179 59
V. Intertwined.	149 120 39 156 130 180 190
W. Verbal legerdemain; a playing with words.	151 37 55 58 146 40 9 90 152 23 102
X. Any critical examination or decisive trial.	76 51 42 127
Y. Mount about a mile from Jerusalem associated with several Biblical events.	133 173 84 74 109 181
Z. Independent kingdom between India and Tibet, including many of the highest Himalayas.	50 183 16 144 98

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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The Third Way

by

Stuart Cloete

The brave new world which is the tired old world has a choice of roads before it. It may turn right or it may turn left or, simply, it may go forward. Stuart Cloete believes in the third way — forward. Thus his book cannot be reactionary and it cannot be revolutionary but it can and does throw a seeking brilliant light upon the road ahead.

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